
VOGUE
NOV
KAIA GERBER
COMING OF AGE—IN HER OWN WORDS
GOT IT COVERED
THE SEASON OF COATS
PLUS:
THE JACKET STRIKES BACK
NEW GUARD, NEW RULES
THE FASHION FUND'S RADICAL CLASS OF 2019
"I'M FEELING A SHIFT. I'M GROWING UP."
RIHANNA
ON FEARLESSNESS, FENTY, AND FINDING LOVE

SAINT LAURENT












GUCCI
L'art de la dissimulation en robe midi et visière transparente
C'est à une débauche de rouges que nous sommes invités : la robe midi sans manches à col montant bordeaux pose le thème de la symphonie, que viennent décliner les gants longs en dentelle et les bottes à talons compensés en tissu vermillon. Le casque en feutre mat à visière rouge brillant – qui attire l'attention tout en dissimulant pudiquement le visage – vient sublimer l'élégance imparable de cet équilibre. Alerte rouge.
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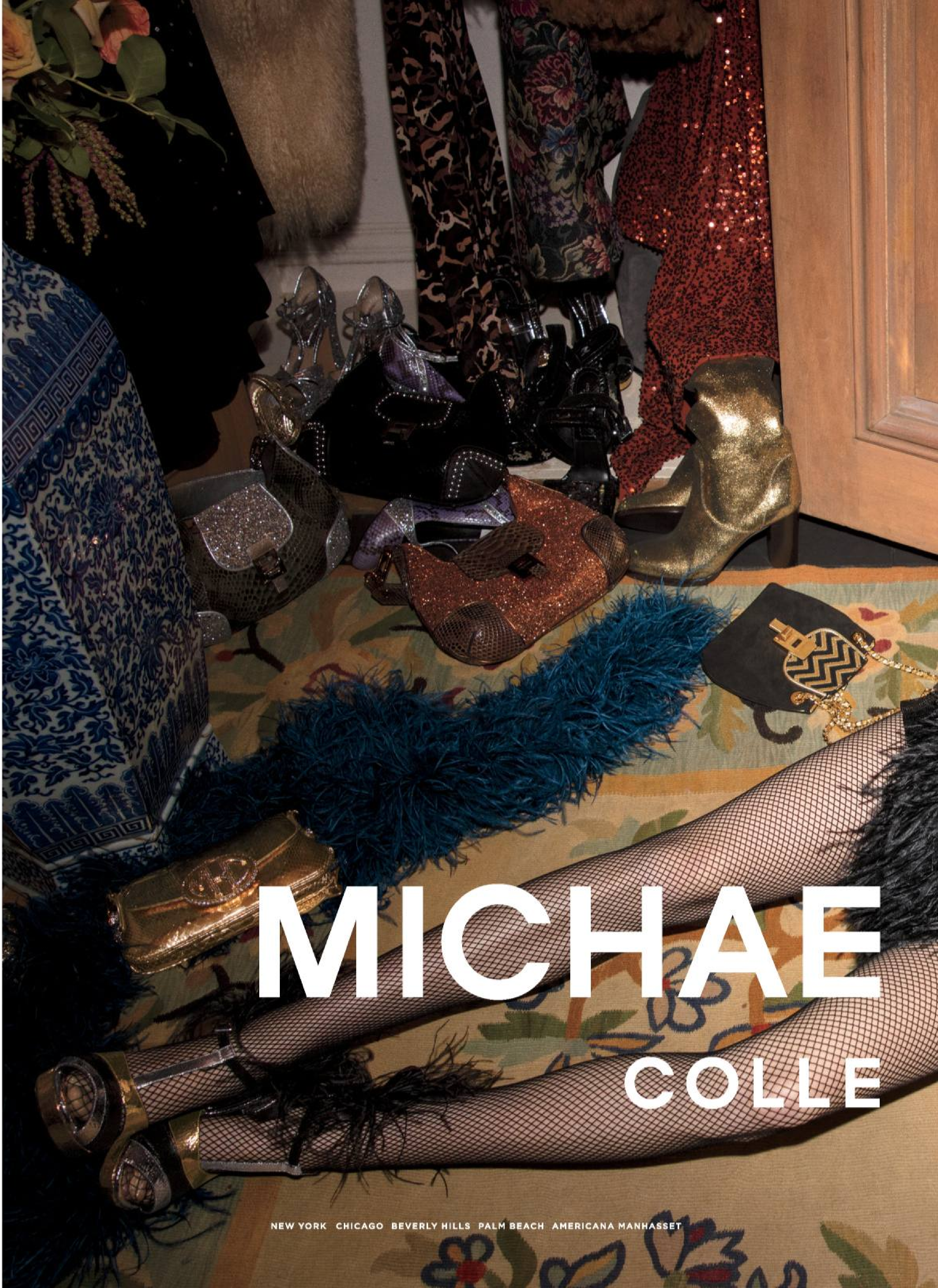





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Perlée Collection
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VOGUE

November 2019



CONTINUED>32

RIGHT ON RED
MODEL UGBAD ABDI WEARS A PHILOSOPHY DI LORENZO SERAFINI BLAZER. PRADA DRESS. EARRINGS BY GRAFF AND TIFFANY & CO. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BIBI BORTHWICK.

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"BEING ANXIETY-RIDDEN IS A 21ST-CENTURY PHENOMENON. WE ALL SUBCONSCIOUSLY FEEL IT."

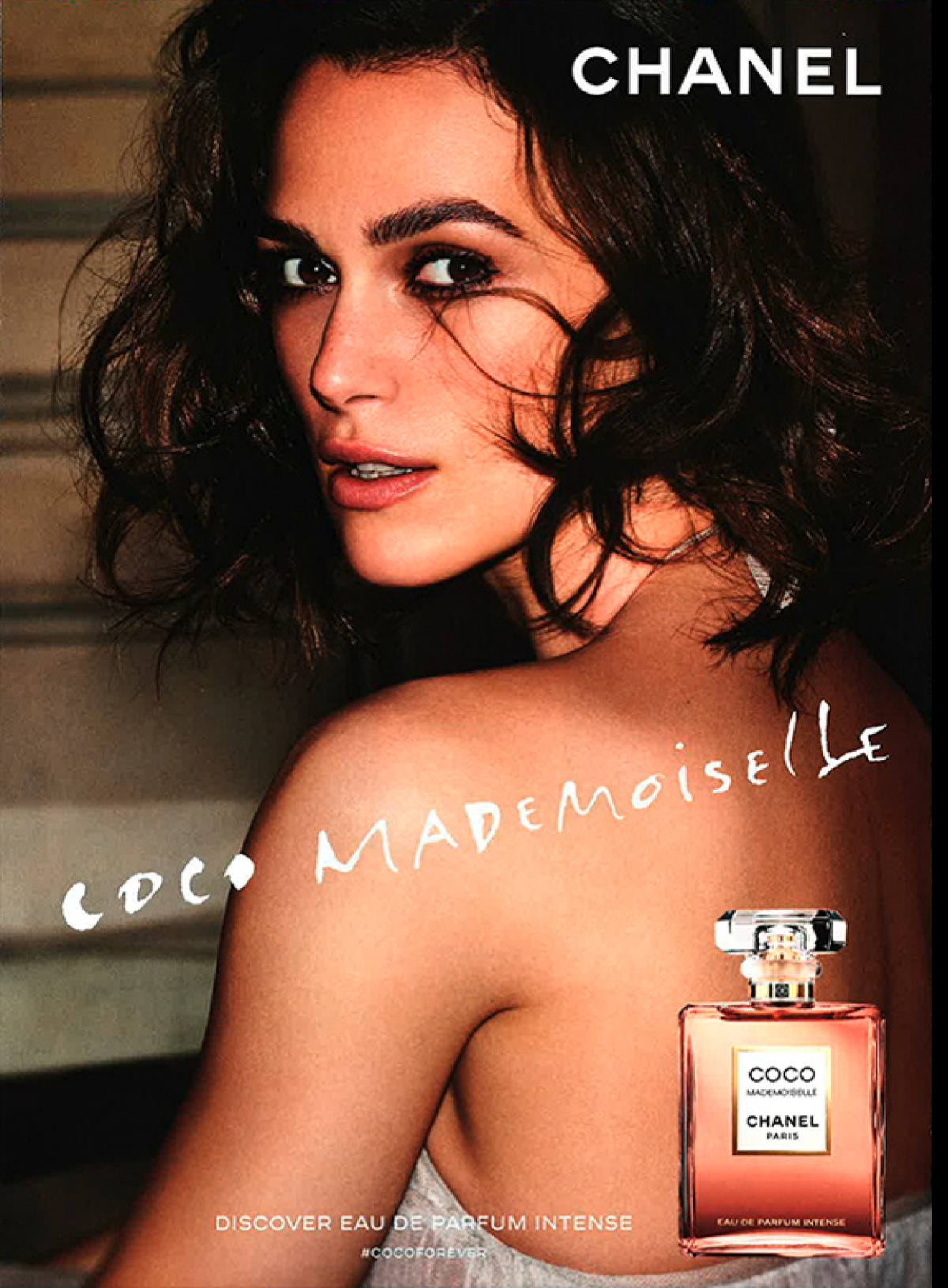
VOGUE

November 2019



HOW GREEN IS OUR VALLEY
PROENZA SCHOULER DESIGNERS JACK McCOLLOUGH (LEFT) AND LAZARO HERNANDEZ AT HOME IN MASSACHUSETTS WITH THEIR NEWFOUNDLAND, MOOSE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON UPTON.

Cover Look
A Girl Like Her
Rihanna wears a Fenty tulle coat. Forevermark earrings. To get this look, try: Pro Filt'r Instant Retouch Primer, Pro Filt'r Hydrating Longwear Foundation, Pro Filt'r Instant Retouch Concealer, Brow MVP Ultra Fine Brow Pencil & Styler in Dark Brown, Gloss Bomb Universal Lip Luminizer in Hot Chocolit, Moroccan Spice Eyeshadow Palette, Sun Stalk'r Instant Warmth Bronzer in Bajan Gyal, Killawatt Freestyle Highlighter in Afternoon Snack / Mo' Hunny, Match Stix Shimmer Skinstick in Starstruck. All by Fenty Beauty. Hair, Yusef Williams; makeup, Kanako Takase. Details, see In This Issue.
Photographed by Ethan James Green. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.


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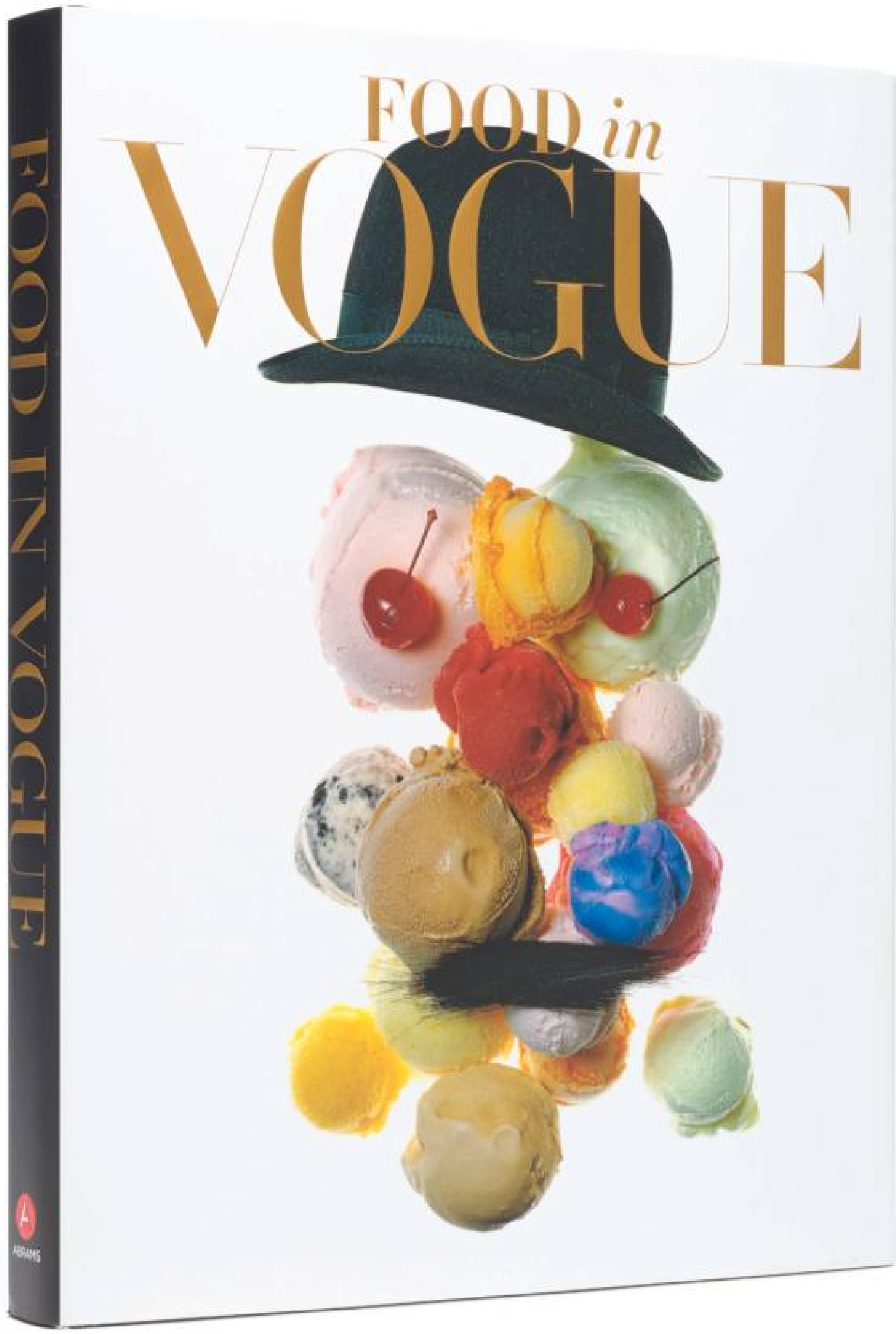

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Raising Our Voices

IN EVERY NOVEMBER ISSUE from 2004 onward we have introduced you to the 10 finalists of the CFDA/*Vogue* Fashion Fund. We started the fund in response to the turbulent landscape for young designers after 9/11, when many of them were struggling to keep themselves and their businesses afloat, and over the years, many of our finalists have gone on to international acclaim. (To name just a few: Proenza Schouler, Alexander Wang, Rodarte, Altuzarra, and Thom Browne.) Of course, the world in which they started their businesses is now almost unrecognizable. At the time of the fund's inception there was no Instagram, there were no influencers, and e-commerce was but a fraction of what it is today. And while it's been only 15 years since, if one measures that earlier era against life today, it might as well be 60.

Something else there was quite a bit less of in that earlier time: a sense of political commitment, cultural sensitivity, and inclusivity. Thankfully, things have changed. There's been a much-needed urgency lately in the work of so many designers, not least of all our Fashion Fund class of 2019, all of whom are optimistically engaging with the future. They're addressing environmental challenges and the need for greater representation, and they're opting to manufacture their collections in ways that are both respectful and responsible.

The finalists who were able to show during the spring 2020 collections in September did so in a joyful and life-affirming manner. Oftentimes their presentations spoke to their own communities, whether it was showing in an artist's studio in Brooklyn, or re-creating, in Stuyvesant Square Park, a greenmarket where the audience was urged to bag up the fruit and flowers from the stalls to carry home post-show. All of these were simple and humble gestures that intimately connected fashion with the world at large—and doesn't that feel more vital and needed than ever before?

Our funders weren't alone in taking this approach. So many of those who showed during New York's much shorter Fashion "Week"—thank you, Tom Ford, for starting your CFDA chairmanship with such a welcome and much-needed change!—evoked their personal worlds to a quite wonderful degree, regardless of whether they were an up-and-coming name or a global megabrand. Ralph Lauren gave us a fabulous nightclub à la the Stork Club or the Copacabana, with singer and actor Janelle Monáe belting out standards like a latter-day Frank Sinatra. Meanwhile, last year's winner of the Fashion Fund, Kerby Jean-Raymond of Pyer Moss, showed at the Kings Theatre in East Flatbush, Brooklyn, bringing his audience to their feet—and, EDITOR'S LETTER>42

HOME TEAM
THE 2019 CFDA/*VOGUE* FASHION FUND FINALISTS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEFAN RUIZ.


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Letter from the Editor





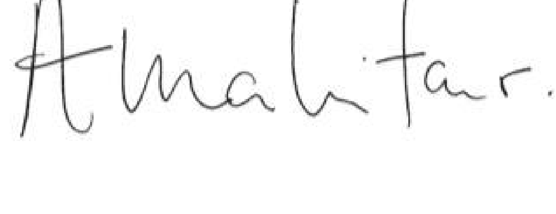
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF
ABOVE: RIHANNA (IN GUCCI), PHOTOGRAPHED BY ETHAN JAMES GREEN. RIGHT: THE NEWLY 18-YEAR-OLD KAIA GERBER (IN THOM BROWNE), PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

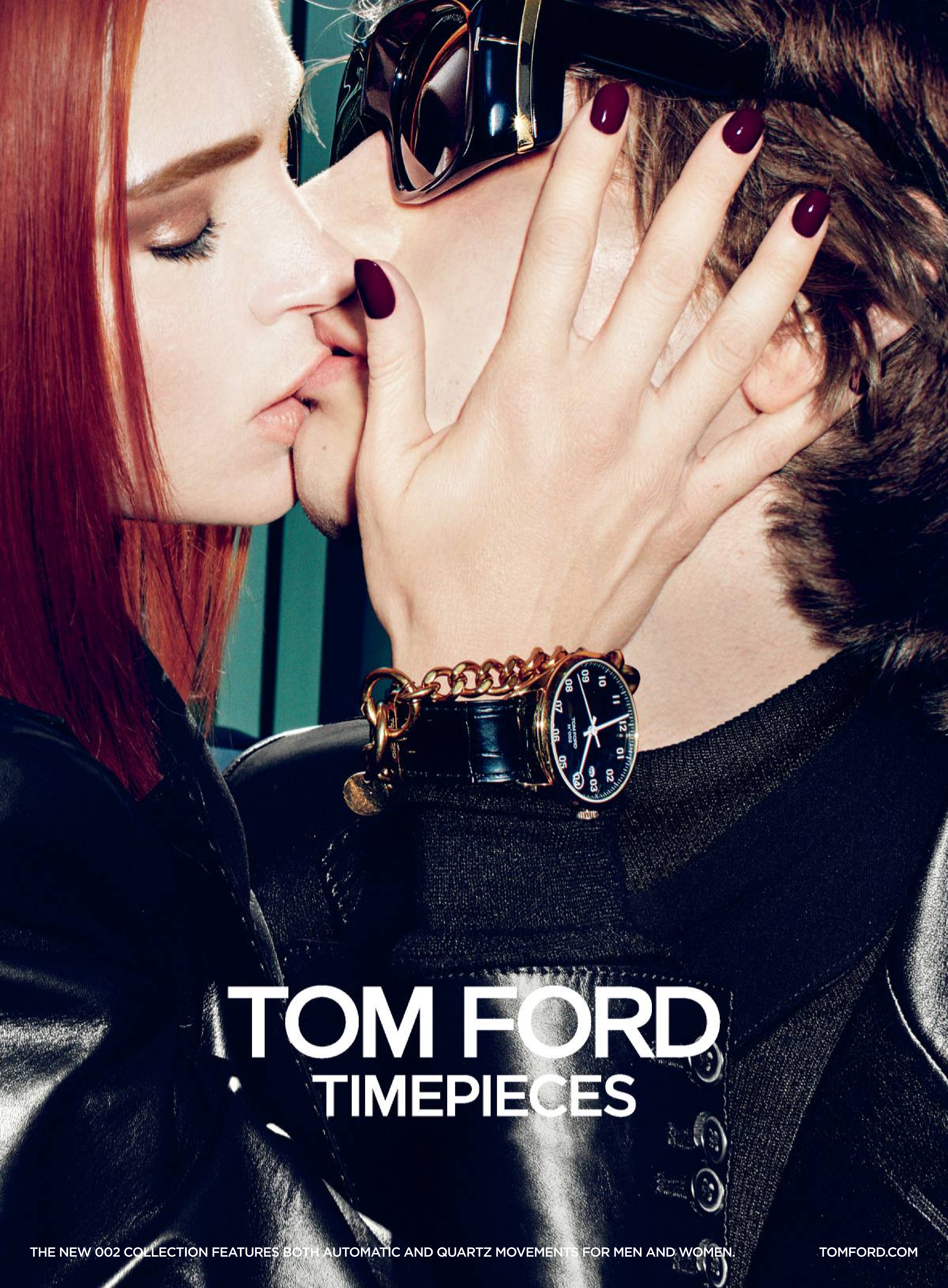
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 by all accounts, to tears—with a powerful spectacle that honored African American history and experience.

I am proud to say that it is American designers who have led the charge in taking this more personal and immersive approach, and kudos to them for doing so. (It's not enough these days to show in a stark white box on anonymous models, if it ever was; to my mind, that approach has only ever served to make fashion seem disconnected and lifeless.) But designers from all over the globe are creating labels that reflect the realities of their close-knit communities and—through the power of technology—connecting to people far beyond them. In this issue we feature a portfolio of four terrific and relatively new labels and designers whose own friends and families are writ large in their work, from London's Grace Wales Bonner to Atlein's Antonin Tron in Paris, and from Kenneth Ize in Lagos to—representing the home team—Mike Eckhaus and Zoe Latta, whose label Eckhaus Latta straddles New York and Los Angeles.

Speaking of a new generation: Who better to showcase looks from this year's Fashion Funders than Kaia Gerber, who—now that she has turned 18—is finally able to work with us? (At *Vogue* we have committed to not photographing models below that age.) Yet Kaia did more than pose wearing their clothes. She also crafted an essay that spoke to her experiences entering the industry at a tender age just as it was being convulsed by scandal and challenged regarding how much it was looking after the young people working in it. I enjoyed reading her story: Like the designers featured in this issue, Kaia is intent on having a voice, both in the industry and far beyond it.

One person who has never lacked for being heard is our cover star, Rihanna. As I write this she showed, just last night, her latest Savage X Fenty collection, a brilliantly compelling display of female empowerment and body positivity. Just as her Fenty Beauty line radically changed how the beauty industry operates, there seems to be no doubt that her LVMH-backed Fenty label will show what she's capable of in the realm of high fashion. (Quite a lot, I'd imagine.) Writer Abby Aguirre met her in Los Angeles, and it was a brilliantly outspoken Rihanna she encountered, one unafraid to call out things as she sees them. That she's a globally renowned singer might give her a certain advantage, but regardless of that, all of us are alike in one crucial way: These days, none of us can remain silent.





TOM FORD
TIMEPIECES
THE NEW 002 COLLECTION FEATURES BOTH AUTOMATIC AND QUARTZ MOVEMENTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.
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Peter Lindbergh (1944–2019)

Vogue's longtime Creative Director Grace Coddington collaborated closely with Lindbergh on many of his iconic shoots for the magazine. Days after Lindbergh's death in September, she reminisced to Hamish Bowles about her years of working with the legendary photographer.

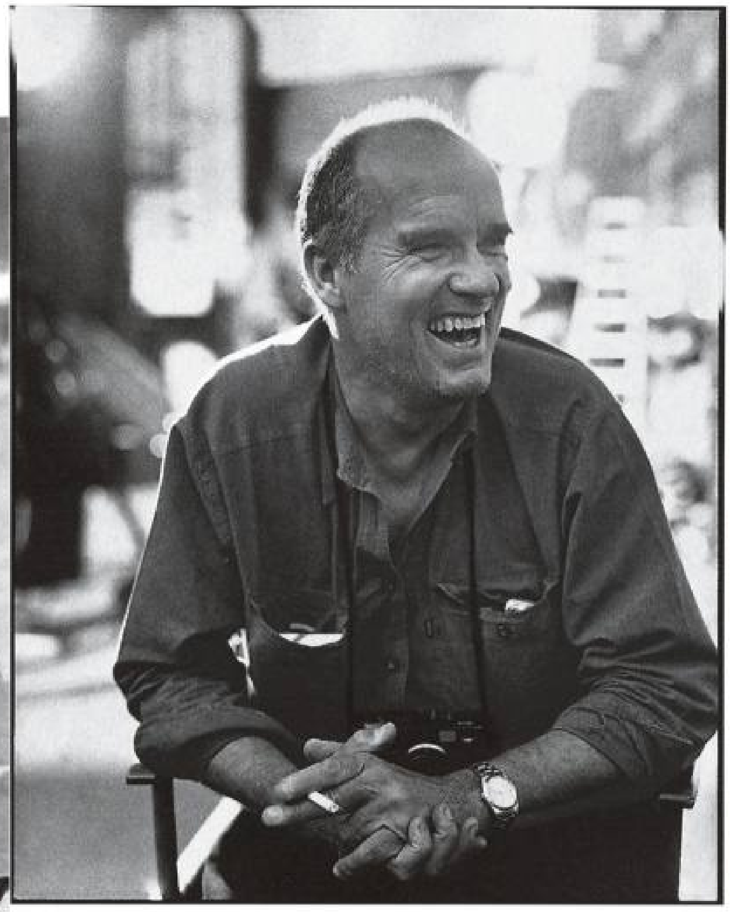
I started noticing Peter's pictures for Italian *Vogue* and in campaigns for Comme des Garçons and Yohji Yamamoto in the early '80s. He had a very strong point of view: I loved the roughness and the wildness. He would do all the girls with no makeup, on the beach in Deauville, France. He took everybody there, including myself eventually, and he did not care whether it was winter or summer. It didn't matter. In winter it was bloody freezing and he didn't care! The girls didn't care, either, because they all loved him. All the supermodels trusted him so much. He always made them look so real, so touchably real. He loved Kathy Ireland, and Helena, Linda, Christy, Naomi, and Cindy. He loved Tatjana Patitz and Stephanie Seymour and Cecilia Chancellor. He loved Kate Moss and Kristen McMenamy. They were all brave, and smart enough to trust him. Peter just loved women. He did not believe in retouching, which I think is great. And he used real women—womanly women.

He always had a very faithful team of people: Julien d'Ys did hair for him and Stéphane Marais did makeup for years and years and years, and then Odile Gilbert later on. He liked to stay with the same people, and he liked them all to be one big family.

I thought his first American *Vogue* cover [November 1988] that Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele styled was brilliant—so full of life. I remember having a conversation with Anna about it. She said, "What do you think?" And she had Peter's image here and the Richard Avedon one that had already been planned for the cover over there. And I said, "You know, if you want to make TRIBUTE>46

TURNING POINT
LINDBERGH'S PORTRAIT OF MODEL MICHAELA BERCU APPEARED ON THE COVER OF *VOGUE*, NOVEMBER 1988.





NATURAL WONDER
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: ONE OF LINDBERGH'S ICONIC GROUP PORTRAITS, *VOGUE*, 1988; ON LOCATION IN 1996; CHANEL MEETS INDUSTRIAL CHIC IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, *VOGUE*, 1991.

PORTRAIT: PATRICK LAUGIER

the point of a new *Vogue* and change fashion in one fell swoop, you have to change the cover. This is it, because this is everything an American *Vogue* cover isn't." And that picture did; it revolutionized everything.

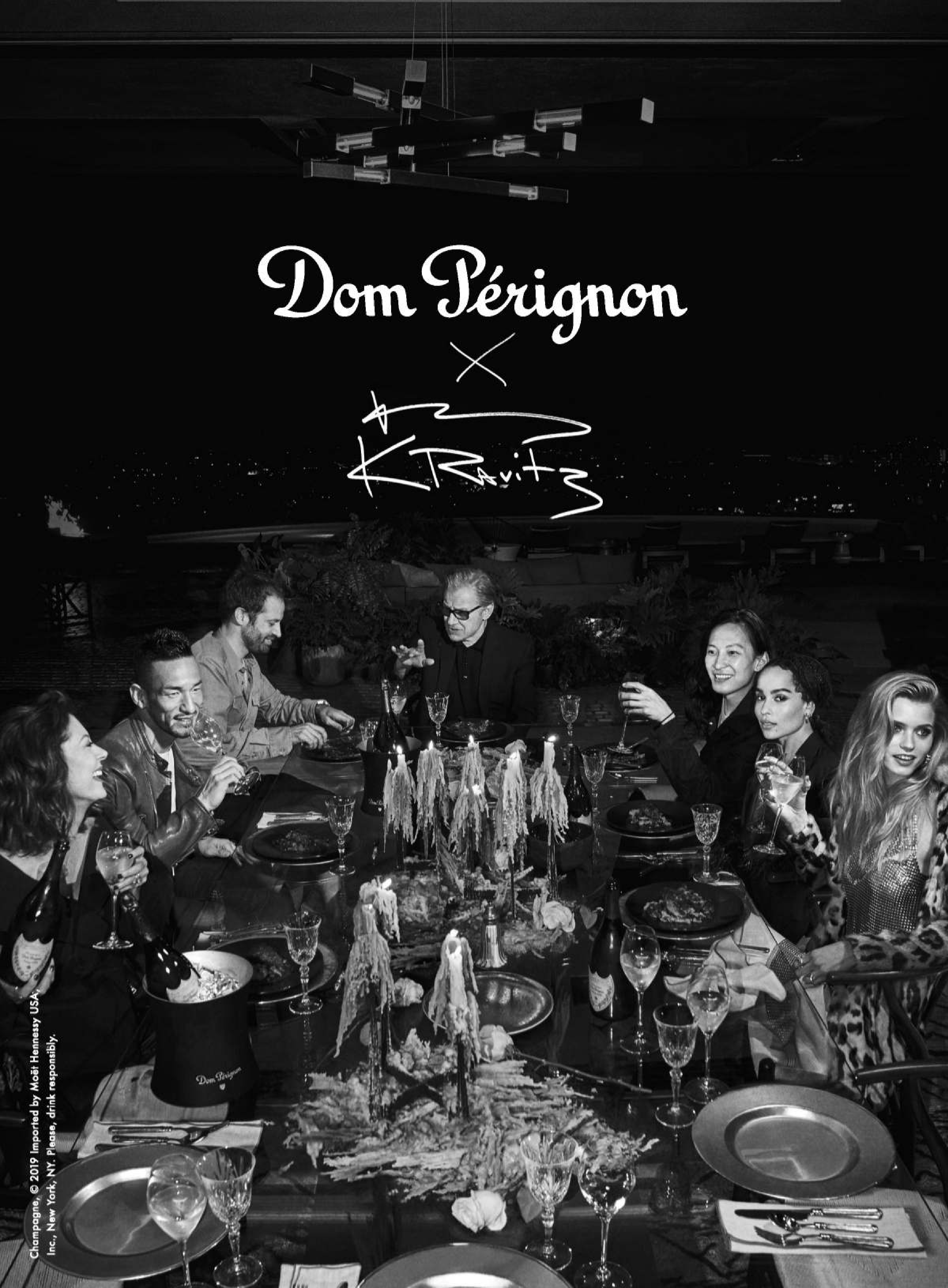
I'd worked with Peter at British *Vogue,* but my first shoot with him at American *Vogue* was in Santorini with Carré Otis and Linda Evangelista [December 1988], whose hair Julien had just cut short. I think everybody liked the freedom of that story. Peter always wanted to do his own thing. You could kill him, but you loved him, too. Afterward he'd just laugh—and laugh at himself.

He'd copy his own pictures all the time. He'd bring out his old Polaroids and say, "This is what we're doing, and it's going to be cropped here," and it was all very funny. In the back of his head there were movies, too, and he was very inspired by August Sander and Paul Strand–like pictures—but he never copied anything other than himself. Except one shoot, "Wild at Heart" [September 1991], which was all about motorbikes. A particular shot was inspired by Cecil Beaton's 1948 photograph of all the models dressed in Charles James ball gowns. Karl Lagerfeld had just done these motorbike jackets with ball gowns, and we used all sorts of hip-hop-style jewelry, the stuff that you found on Eighth Street. We shot under the Brooklyn Bridge with a wind machine and smoke machine because Brooklyn was his place at that point. He used to love the meat market downtown, but then it got too posh, so he started going to Brooklyn. I guess he was searching for things that looked like Paris because there were cobbled streets there.

We had a nightmare-load of girls playing silly buggers on that shoot, and we had one little bus to get them to the location. They were all supermodels who were not used to being treated like that. And trying to get them into those huge ball dresses in a tiny space! He said, "You know, we've only got a few frames, because it's pouring with rain and these are couture." Nevertheless, it was fun.

I loved the Naomi "Dalmatian" story [June 1990]: I always felt his pictures were so much better in black-and-white; they better told a story. They were so much more emotional. And when he first started doing color for American *Vogue,* he just drained it all and made it all blue, which was better! So in a CONTINUED ON PAGE 162




Dom Pérignon
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Having a Laugh

Long before she became an Oscar-winning actor and screenwriter, Emma Thompson took a plunge into London's stand-up comedy scene.



ALL SMILES
THOMPSON, PHOTOGRAPHED BY KARL LAGERFELD, *VOGUE*, 1993. HER NEW FILM, *LAST CHRISTMAS*, OPENS THIS MONTH.

I wanted to be a comedian when I grew up. I wanted to be Lily Tomlin and Jane Wagner rolled into one with a bit of Bea Lillie and Elaine May thrown in. This was when I was in my late teens, living opposite my mum on the same North London street where I'd been raised. (I'm still there actually, which is weird.) I was 20 and a student at Cambridge University when I wrote my first monologue as a member of the Footlights troupe. We'd travel to perform at events like the Philips Small Appliances Campaign Dinner outside Birmingham.

I remember standing in the wings waiting for a stripper to finish demonstrating the new Philips Ladyshave on legs already so efficiently depilated I thought she was going to bleed. Then I went on dressed in an ankle-length PVC raincoat and a massive tam-o'-shanter cap to sing a comic Scottish song. It did not go down well. But dying a comedic death in front of drunken businessmen wondering out loud why I wasn't naked was easy compared with stand-up.

Back then, in the early '80s, the world of stand-up was almost completely male. Women were viewed with suspicion and often treated with casual contempt. The audiences were no better—as soon as you walked onstage you could feel expectations lowering. Gathering our confidence for comedy has been one of the most exciting steps forward in the last 30 years: Now you can hear fabulous female stand-ups anytime you like. Back then, it felt like people didn't want women to be funny and were surprised and sometimes even offended when they were. This is ironic because without humor, women could never have survived men.

Stand-up. It's an innocuous enough term. You stand up. You say things. People laugh. You go home with some money in your pocket. But for me it meant the essence of jaw-grinding, dribbling fear, prequel to the sort of failure that I can only liken to sudden-death syndrome.

Whenever I think of doing stand-up, I see a vision of myself onstage with a microphone and the cartoon mouse Jerry below sawing through the stage around me. The mouse saws and saws and only stops if I get a laugh. If I get a laugh, the world changes. I get to live.

At first I only ever did stand-up at political benefits in London—there were plenty of them in the '80s. I performed for organizations like the

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Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the Chile Solidarity Campaign, and the Law Reform Society. Mostly these attempts were clumsy, I rarely got paid, and my motives were largely to do with the fact that everyone I fancied was in what was known at the time as the "alternative" comedy scene. I think of those days with fondness: The left still had a sense of humor, and there was even such a thing as selling out. Ancient, forgotten times.

I'll tell you the best and the worst of it. The best was on my 25th birthday, when a great comedian friend named Ben Elton asked me to support him at a venue called the Croydon Warehouse, several miles south of London. For once it was not a benefit, and he said he'd split the box office with me, which was kind because he was already a professional stand-up, and I was still a rank and terrified amateur. We traveled down together on the train. He was relaxed. I was checking out where the nearest emergency room was. I had 45 minutes to fill and did quite well. The mouse stopped sawing early on, and people afterward came up to me and said things like "At first I thought you didn't know what you were doing, but it turned out you did."

I made 60 quid in a brown envelope, which I still maintain is the best money I have ever earned. My material was largely based upon all the things that obsessed me at the time—which is to say, sex, herpes, and Margaret Thatcher. I had jokes about the last two both being equally unpleasant and hard to get rid of. I would rant on about sexual hygiene. This was nearly pre-AIDS, and we were all merrily jumping into bed with one another with no thought of catching death. I did a bit about properly washing your penis, really getting into it with a cotton bud—oh, it was all very hard-core. Women loved it. Straight men buried themselves in their girlfriends' armpits. Gay men hooted.

> My material was largely based upon all the things that obsessed me at the time—which is to say, sex, herpes, and Margaret Thatcher

The worst was when I helped my anti-nuke friends at CND organize the Reagan Out rally in London. It was June of 1984, and I was about to start rehearsals for a show on the West End called *Me and My Girl* (a musical I did for 15 months, which kind of pulled me away from comedy and also gave me clinical depression). I spent the morning of the march standing on the back of a lorry stopping and starting columns of protesters and making sure everyone kept moving and no one had to wait around for hours on end. Then I joined the march myself and went to Trafalgar Square, where I had agreed to do some stand-up on Nelson's Column. Not the top bit, where Nelson is, but on the base, where politicians were delivering speeches.

By the time I got up there, everyone was very hot and angry. By everyone I mean 65,000 strangers. I started my set. Herpes and Maggie went down well enough—everyone there hated her, and for all I know a good proportion had herpes. But then it all went horribly wrong. The mouse sawed and sawed, and I fell through the stage onto a ghastly bed of silent bile, blame, and personal abuse.

The effects haunted me for weeks. Whenever I was on the Underground or a bus, I'd see someone look over and assume they'd seen me and hated me. I remember meeting a friend—one of the comedians I used to fancy—and him saying to me that I was mad even to try comedy at a political rally. It never works. No one had told me that. I'm passing it on now in case any of you are considering it. Just don't.

I remember the night I realized that stand-up wasn't going to be a suitable career choice. It was still 1984, and the miners' strike was in full swing. Some of us—Ben Elton again, and the soon-to-be grandes dames of British comedy Dawn French and Jennifer Saunders—were performing a benefit gig for the strike. I still have the flyer for it: DON'T PANIC—HELP IS AT HAND. I was in the slot just before Dawn and Jennifer, of whom I was desperately and justifiably jealous, standing by a curtain waiting to go on, and my heart was beating so hard it felt like a terrified animal trying to escape from my body. I thought, If I don't stop this I shall actually have a heart attack. Maybe not now, tonight, maybe not next month, but I can't sustain this level of fear. I spoke to Jennifer and Dawn about it afterward. They were very comforting—just carry on and you'll stop being frightened, they said. They were wrong. They also told me not to worry about the bloke I was in love with, who, I'd just found out, had a girlfriend who was a ballerina. Just wait and see, they said. Funny women will always trump thin, bendy ones. They were wrong about that, too. I've told them.

I did continue in comedy for some years after that—doing sketch programs on TV and writing a solo show for the Edinburgh Festival, which I performed in a tent in a hole in the ground. (The venue was actually called the Hole in the Ground.) I wrote a six-part television series of sketch comedy, called *Thompson,* most of which had a distinctly feminist slant. I hadn't realized this until all the TV reviewers (99% men) told me it was man-hating. I just thought I was being funny about the world I found myself in. The sketches were about domestic violence, dieting, droit du seigneur, the female orgasm, and other matters. I remember a sketch that featured the eminent actress Imelda Staunton and me playing medieval wives. One walks into the other's hut in a panic. She says, "You'll never guess what I've gone and done."

"What?" says her friend.

"I've only gone and split the bloody atom."

They stare at each other, and then her friend says: "Well, you can't tell him."

Maybe it was a little bit man-critical now that I come to think of it. □


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Fighting Shape

Inspired by boxing's grit and glamour, Cara Delevingne and Olivier Rousteing are punching up athleisure at Puma. By Lynn Yaeger.

FASHION "Cara was the very first woman I kissed on the lips!" says Olivier Rousteing, laughing as he fondly recalls how he met, hit the clubs with, stayed up late with, worked with, and eventually became dear friends with model/actor Cara Delevingne. This month, Delevingne, 27, and Rousteing, 34, the creative director of Balmain, FASHION>56

CONTACT SPORT
LONGTIME FRIENDS CARA DELEVINGNE AND BALMAIN CREATIVE DIRECTOR OLIVIER ROUSTEING WEAR LOOKS FROM THEIR NEW COLLECTION FOR PUMA. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

COURTESY OF PUMA



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launch an exuberant unisex collection—Puma x Balmain Created with Cara Delevingne—that includes silky red-and-blue boxing shorts, color-blocked bomber jackets, hoodies, leggings, and distressed striped tees—sportswear that might be saddled with the moniker "athleisure" since it is deeply practical, but that also evinces an inimitable, unmistakable Balmain flair that transcends that plebeian category.

When Puma approached Delevingne about collaborating on a line with a designer, she knew immediately whom she wanted to work with and why. "I was sure Olivier and I had the same kind of vision," she says. Rousteing knew it too: His response was "a big yes! Cara creates her own rules—she is not just trying to please the fashion crowd."

If you think about it, the two have a lot in common: a profound commitment to diversity, a desire to forge their own paths, and a new way of looking at (and shaking up) that fashion crowd. The collection—35 pieces that will be sold in Puma stores and other retail outlets and a capsule of six special pieces available in Balmain boutiques—is organized around a boxing theme. Both Rousteing and Delevingne are avid boxers, obsessed with the notion that the greatest battles are the ones you fight with yourself. (Rousteing's challenges and successes are chronicled in the upcoming documentary *Wonder Boy;* when Delevingne saw an early screening, she cried.)

"We wanted to create a kind of fight," Rousteing says, "because we need to fight for freedom"

Rousteing, who arrived for this interview straight from sparring, wearing an anonymous tank top, black Balmain track pants, and a dazzling gold Rolex, along with other bracelets (a Cartier Clou, a backstage band from the first Balmain menswear show, an evil-eye charm given to him by a friend), says he envisions the clothes as bringing a little bit of his France—Paris! Balmain!—to the world of sport. To that end there are, in addition to the souped-up classics, a glamorous black, blue, and red silk kimono that plays off the robe a boxer wears, along with a slinky dress with decisive shoulder pads that Delevingne thinks projects "energy, strength, and sexiness." Classic Puma sneakers morph into ranger boots for those chic soldiers enlisted in the Balmain army—a posse as fashionable as they are fearless. Rousteing and Delevingne even rejiggered the classic Puma symbol by doubling the fun: "We imagined two cats together instead of just one," Rousteing says.

The collection's video campaign likewise revolves around the ring, except that the pugilists, save for Delevingne, are not conventional models but rather a roster of fierce young people—dancers, artists, activists, refugees, survivors—who have looked their own serious issues in the face and triumphed. "We have 10 characters in the campaign, and all of them have something important to say to the world,"

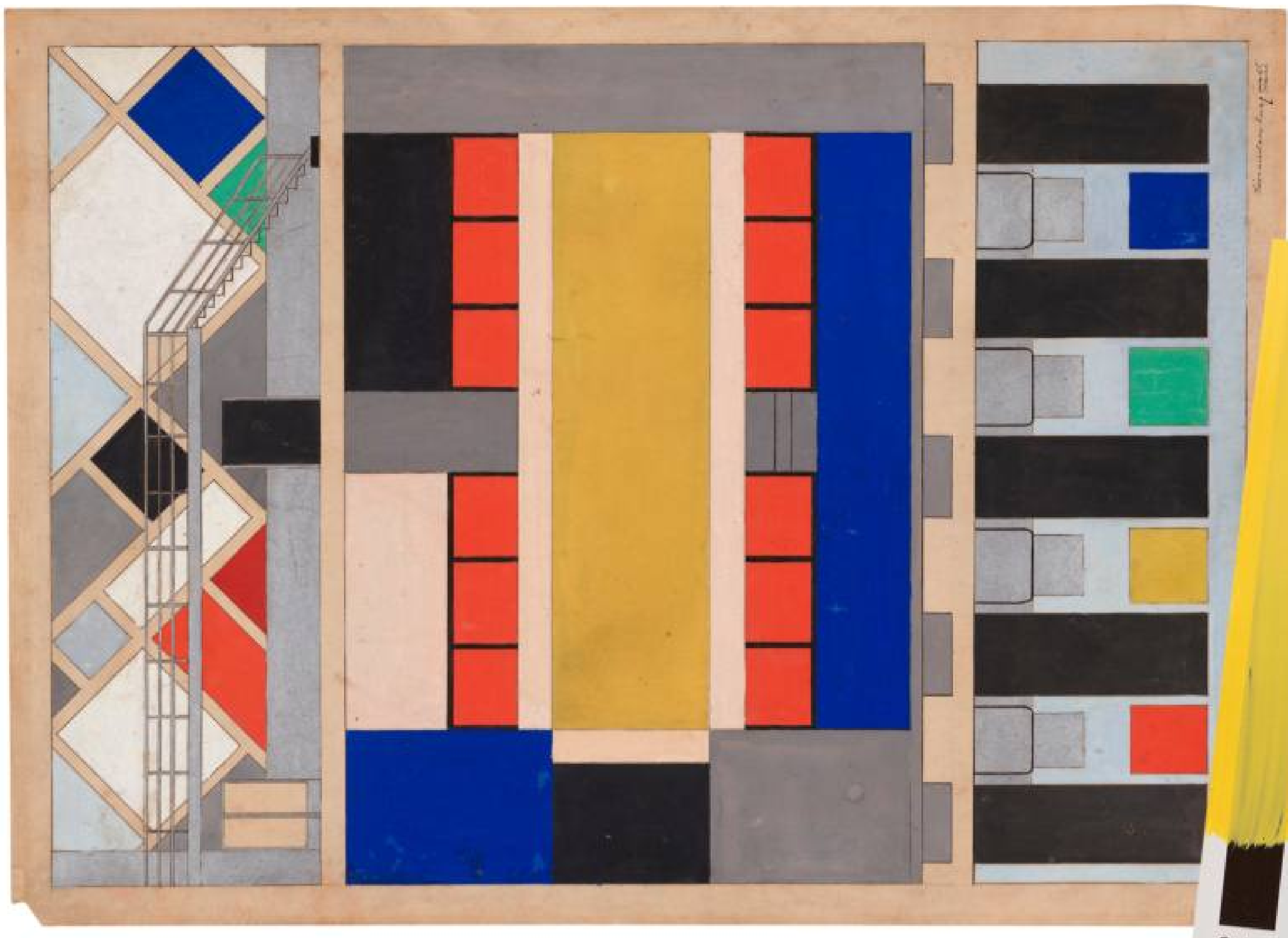


PERSONAL TRAINER
PUMA X BALMAIN CREATED WITH CARA DELEVINGNE CELL STELLAR SNEAKER, $400; PUMA.COM.

Rousteing says proudly. "That is also why we wanted to create a kind of fight—because we need to fight for freedom, and to be who we want to be."

The collaborators are thrilled that the Balmain sensibility, filtered through the cool lens of Puma, will be available to a wider public. "I never wore designer clothes as a teenager, so being able to make these at a good price point is my favorite part," Delevingne says. Admittedly, she's not a teen anymore—she's now a working actor and a world-class supermodel. So would she wear this Puma stuff in real life? "Of course!" she says. "It's 100% how I dress—the tanks, the tees: supercomfortable, great for travel!" In fact, she confesses, "I already stole some pieces." □

LIAM GOODMAN





Under Construction

Five stunning commissions at the expanded MoMA reimagine museumgoing for a new generation. Eve MacSweeney gets a preview.

ART On a Wednesday afternoon in the dog days of summer, a trickle of tourists strays hopefully through the Museum of Modern Art's staff entrance, only to be gently shown a REOPENING OCTOBER 21 sign, followed by the door. For a closed museum, however, the place is exceptionally busy. Carts, dollies, buckets, trestle tables, and concertina platforms are rolled around the open floors in a complex yet orderly choreography. It's as if the legacy of Philip Johnson's modernist strictures—Johnson served in the museum's architecture department in the '30s and expanded its original 1939 structure in 1964—is conferring its own set of minimalist manners on the building's current occupants.

I am handed a rather chic white hard hat bearing MoMA's distinctive black logo and escorted on a work-in-progress tour by a posse of female staffers. First impression: The interior, which has swallowed up the former home of its neighbor, the American Folk Art Museum, in a westward march along 53rd Street, feels newly rangy. The MoMA reboot includes 30% more gallery space and a greater number of exhibits accessible to the public before they even pay admission.

"Acupuncture" is how the museum's director, Glenn D. Lowry, describes the expansion, bringing new life, air, and energy into a building that could seem weighed down by its own importance. As Elizabeth Diller, of the architecture firm Diller Scofidio + Renfro, describes the institution whose renovation she took on, "Despite the fact that the public flocks to its doors, MoMA feels a bit aloof, and not spontaneous enough."

"Audiences want experiences now," Lowry agrees. "They don't just want to look at art; they want to feel engaged with it and surrounded by it."

New York museums, like those of other major cities, are involved not just in the race to stay ahead architecturally but also to adapt to the changing priorities of artists and accommodate dramatic shifts in culture. If MoMA's last expansion, by the Japanese architect Yoshio Taniguchi in 2004, drew criticism for its hefty $858 million price tag and corporate-looking design, its current incarnation, a snip at $400 million, sets out to break down authoritarian assumptions about what art we should be presented with, and how. The rehang/reopening will include shows dedicated to Latin American art and to the work of 93-year-old African American artist Betye Saar, evidence of a stated commitment to greater diversity and mixing of genres. Two new galleries, accessible from the street and free to the public, have been added—one will present an exhibition by the terrific young painter Michael Armitage—along with a dedicated performance studio on the fourth floor.

IN GOOD TASTE
A SKETCH FOR CAFÉ L'AUBETTE (ABOVE), WHICH INSPIRED THE COLOR SCHEME FOR MoMA'S NEW CAFETERIA.

Bringing this rethink to life, a series of artist commissions—sited mainly outside the galleries and many by women—is being installed. Yasmil Raymond is the vivacious ART>60

LEFT: THEO VAN DOESBURG, 1927, INK AND GOUACHE ON PAPER, 21 X 14 3/4 IN. DIGITAL IMAGE © THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/ LICENSED BY SCALA/ART RESOURCE, NY. RIGHT: PAINT COLOR TESTS FOR *FULL SCALE FALSE SCALE*. EXPERIMENTAL JETSET, 2019.



curator overseeing these projects (along with her colleague Tara Keny). Raymond leads us to the education building, where Andy Warhol's famous pink-and-yellow cow wallpaper is being peeled off to make way for a piece by another artist of Slavic origin, Goshka Macuga. Macuga uses photography-based tapestry to present layered investigations into political movements and their influence on art history. Here, she reimagines a famous photograph from 1954 that depicts the French writer and culture minister André Malraux in his home, with layouts from his canonical art book, *Museum Without Walls*.

"It's an iconic image of a male curator of the 20th century," Macuga says. "A white bourgeois man smoking a cigarette in his house leaning against a piano." In Macuga's version of the photograph, she takes up position in a similar room, with her own selection of images arranged on the floor. It's one that unearths many more women—from artists Meret Oppenheim and Vija Celmins to donors such as Elizabeth Bliss Parkinson Cobb, who helped sustain the museum for decades. At 50 by 36 feet, it is Macuga's most ambitious project yet. "It's a big gesture for MoMA to invite living artists to make commissions that will remain for up to 10 years," she says. "I wanted it to be like an exhibition within an exhibition."

Another excavation is taking place in the sixth-floor restaurant, where my crew leads me into an immersive installation by the German-born artist Kerstin Brätsch. Here, slablike abstractions made from pressed stucco in vivid neon colors line the walls, and faux-marble wallpaper at foot level is inset with dinosaurs and grooves of colored gel. Brätsch, who collaborates with glassblowers and other artisans to explode the conventions of painting, is influenced by everything from Old Masters to Japanese animation. She was unfazed by the prospect of exhibiting her work in a utilitarian environment "where art and daily life intertwine," as she puts it. "I hope the experience is playful, mysterious, a little magical, intimate, and not corporate."

POINT OF VIEW
ART BY KERSTIN BRÄTSCH (ABOVE) AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY GOSHKA MACUGA ARE ON DISPLAY.

We pass MoMA's existing cafeteria, which is also getting a revamp, this one at the hands of a three-person Dutch graphic design group, Experimental Jetset. The trio researched historic artist-led restaurants, such as Sophie Taeuber-Arp, Jean Arp, and Theo van Doesburg's 1920s Café L'Aubette in Strasbourg, whose original paint colors they sourced to create panels based on the shape of Philip Johnson's windows for MoMA's façade. As we reach the grand gesture that is the museum's new-minted ground floor, the sculpture garden is having its weighty contents reconfigured—I spot an Isa Genzken rose waiting to be planted. A new acquisition, Haim Steinbach's large-scale text piece *Hello. Again.,* from 2013, has been mounted on a wall.

"My criticism as a visitor to MoMA," says Diller, "was that it felt like I walked a quarter mile into the museum before I saw art." No longer. Now the lobby is less of a tunnel connecting 53rd and 54th Streets and more of an open, airy space hosting installations of its own. The French artist Philippe Parreno gets star billing here with an environment that includes two marquees, some 120 moving lamps, a screen, and interactive sound.

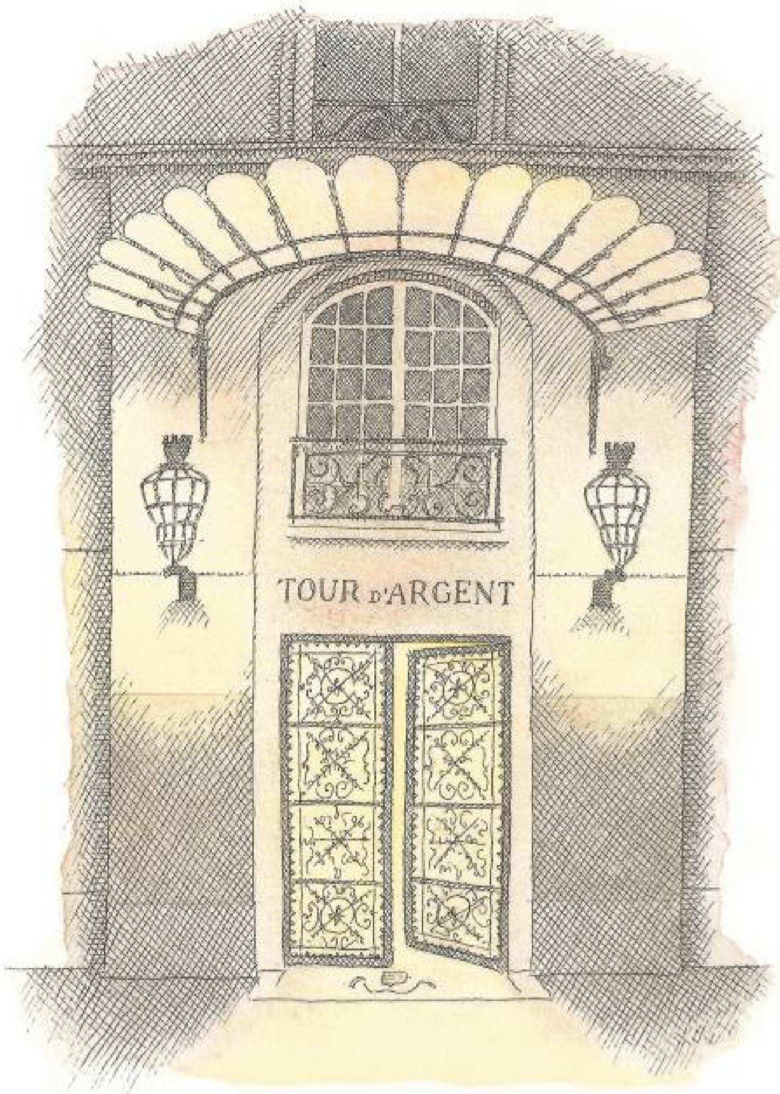
Like the other commissions, Parreno's takes a non-prescriptive approach to the way viewers look at art, acknowledging that this can be anything from focused and in-depth to spacey and oblivious. A final commission on the third floor hosts an open invitation to dream, courtesy of national treasure Yoko Ono. Here, beanbags are scattered and sky-blue panels bear a poem opposite a long window engraved with a Babel-like incantation, showing the words PEACE IS POWER in 24 languages. Turns out, it can be surprisingly hard to translate. □



TOP: KERSTIN BRÄTSCH. *FOSSIL PSYCHIC FOR CHRISTA (STUCCO MARMO)*, 2019. PLASTER, PIGMENTS, GLUE, WAX AND OIL ON HONEYCOMB, FELT, 43.3 X 51.6 IN. BOTTOM: GOSHKA MACUGA, *EXHIBITION M*, 2019. JACQUARD TAPESTRY, COTTON, ACRYLLIC, WOOL MIX, 36 X 52.5 FT APPROX. THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART COMMISSION 2019. COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

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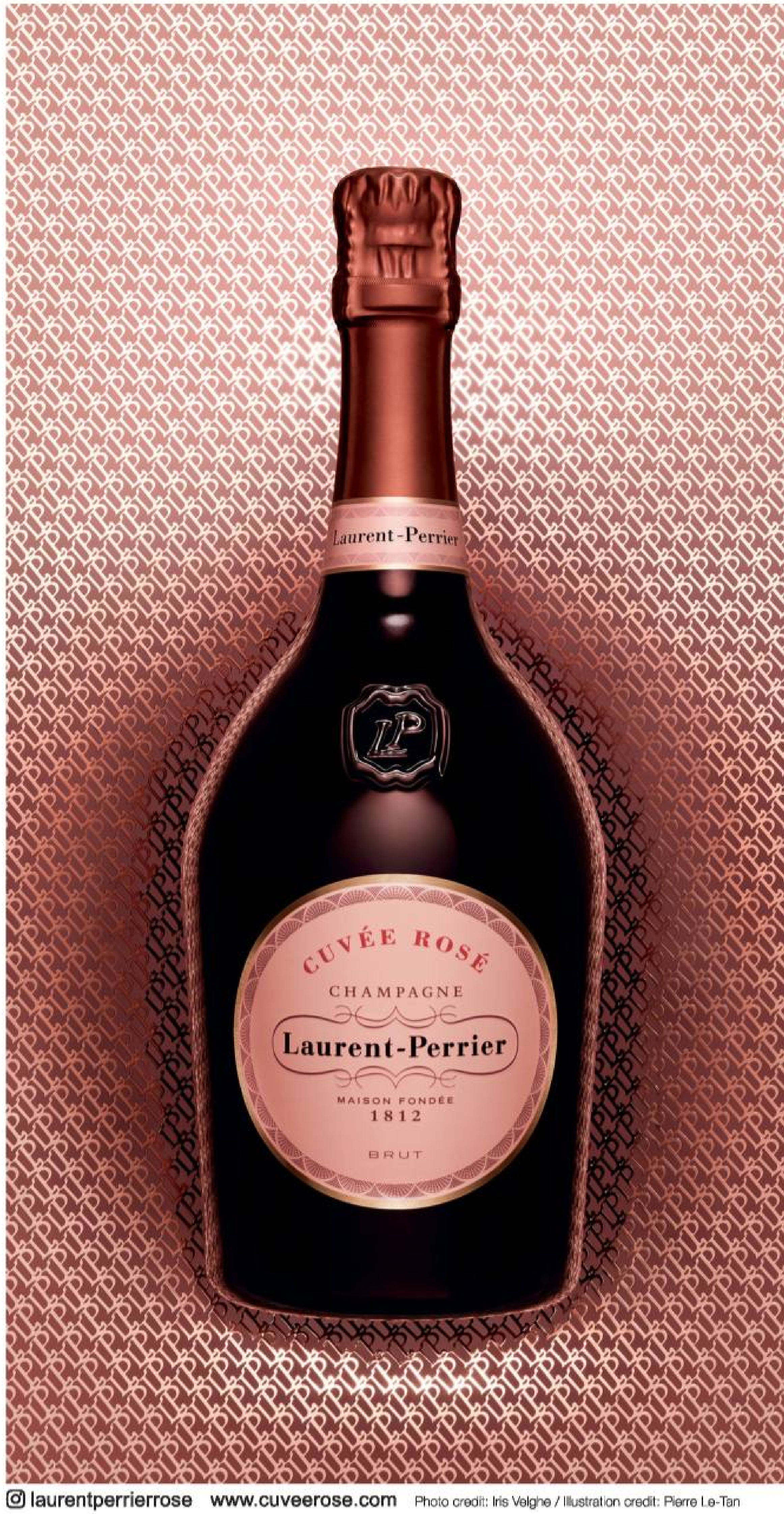
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REEFER MADNESS THE KOMODO ISLANDS IN INDONESIA.

Walk With the Animals ...

Eco-aware travel gets fauna-friendly.

TRAVEL Sailing the jagged coastline of Indonesia's Komodo National Park, David de Rothschild was stunned to see 20 giant manta rays gliding alongside his boat—an otherworldly presence with a sobering effect. "You realize we really are just one of many incredible species on this planet," de Rothschild says, "and we're so systematically and aggressively ruining it." With a new trip conceived for luxury travel agency Black Tomato, de Rothschild hopes to instill this sense of wonder and environmental urgency, particularly for the threatened giant manta ray population. As something of a 21st-century Jacques Cousteau—he once embarked on a journey from San Francisco to Sydney on a catamaran constructed from 12,500 recycled plastic bottles—de Rothschild knows the power of an intimate encounter with nature. His five-day itinerary sets sail from the Indonesian island of Flores, coasts through the Makassar Reef—a manta "cleaning station" located among the Komodo Islands—and ends with four nights at Nihi Sumba resort ($11,000). On the way, passengers work with scientists from the nonprofit Conservation International to tag rays and collect data that may help ensure their protection. But de Rothschild is betting on a broader benefit as well: "If you can make it tactile, then you've created an ambassador for nature."

...TALK WITH THE ANIMALS
Nestled in Australia's Greater Blue Mountains, Emirates One&Only Wolgan Valley resort (from $1,412 per night) educates guests with hands-on activities like wombat surveying and water-quality testing. Abercrombie & Kent is launching a family-focused 20-day Antarctica journey in 2020 ($24,995), with climate change programming that includes up-close whale and penguin observation. The Earthwatch Institute's latest expedition involves eight days in the evergreen rain forest of Washington's Olympic Peninsula ($2,095), where participants record birdcalls and measure tree growth to assess conservation efforts.—ELLA RILEY-ADAMS

Haute Topic

Donatella Versace bottles the artistry and creativity of her couture atelier.

FRAGRANCE Anyone who had forgotten Versace's enduring presence at the fragrance counter got a reminder during its fall show. There, Kaia Gerber wore a black tee printed with Richard Avedon's 1995 campaign image for Blonde, the brand's best-selling perfume fronted by a glamorous Donatella. But its latest launch—a collaboration between Versace herself and a suite of perfumers—is scent-making at its most luxurious. "As much as women like to get their dresses made to measure, it's even more true when it comes to fragrances," Versace says of her couture studio's first-ever olfactory endeavor, which distills the exceptional craftsmanship of the Atelier Versace salon on Via Gesù in Milan into six different scents. Intense infusions of vanilla, fig, or Sri Lankan sandalwood arrive in twisted deep-black glass bottles, while a trio of fresher blends—an incense-inflected rose, jasmine softened with honey, and Cédrat de Diamante, which captures the effervescence of Italian lemon—comes in corresponding clear flacons. Each bottle is topped by a gilded Medusa medallion, the omnipresent symbol of the fashion house, with its intrinsic nod to femininity and forbidden desire. "We all want to find that fragrance that really represents who we are," says Versace, who hints that the Cédrat and rose are her personal picks: one to sparkle, the other to seduce.—AMY VERNER



HERBAL ESSENCES THE FRAGRANCES FEATURE HIGH-QUALITY BOTANICALS IN HANDMADE PACKAGING.

TRAVEL: COURTESY OF BLACK TOMATO. VERSACE: ALESSANDRO GRASSANI/*THE NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX PICTURES. ROSE: COURTESY OF VERSACE. JASMINE: NARCISA/GETTY IMAGES. FIG: JARREN VINK. *BON APPETIT*, 2014.

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Going Clear

After a tumultuous year, Deciem is back—with new leadership, a newly constructed HQ, and a renewed commitment to making better skin care for all.

BEAUTY In the heart of downtown Toronto, where the industrial buildings of the Liberty Village neighborhood have found new life as lofts, condos, gyms, restaurants, and co-working spaces, a two-story structure is mid-renovation. "I think it was briefly a porn studio," Nicola Kilner says, describing the 70,000-square-foot space that also moonlighted as a suit factory before urban manufacturing declined. Kilner, the CEO of Deciem—which launched in 2013 as a multi-brand personal-care concept and now produces eight different skin-care, grooming, beauty, and supplement brands, all in-house, all befitting its tagline: "the abnormal beauty company"—is leading me on a tour of her new headquarters. An office and split-level lab will soon open at the top of a massive staircase, she explains as we look out onto the ground floor—a hangar-like space that will multitask as a production facility, and a flagship store stocked with its full product lineup, including best sellers from popular skin-care lines The Ordinary and NIOD (Non-Invasive Options in Dermal Science). There are as many workers in hard hats and safety vests as Deciem employees, who are clustered in a temporary open-floor-plan work area.

Deciem's founder, Brandon Truaxe—an Oscar BEAUTY>66

WINNING FORMULA
DISRUPTION IS IN THE DNA OF THE CANADIAN COMPANY, WHICH OFFERS POTENT INGREDIENTS AT AFFORDABLE PRICES.

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SATIN HAIRSPRAY

Wilde–meets–Elon Musk figure who helped build it into a global force (at the beginning of 2020, the company will have 40 stores from Los Angeles to Hong Kong)—found the building a couple of years ago as its growth was cresting. The Ordinary's lineup of clinical-grade ingredients at strikingly low price points (30ml of 10% resurfacing Lactic Acid or 2% hydrating Hyaluronic Acid for just $6.80) took off in 2016 as consumer interest in high-performance skin care exploded. Social media were also key to the company's success, allowing Deciem to engage with a sizable community of beauty obsessives—fans, editors, influencers—as Truaxe himself regularly slid into Instagram comment sections to answer questions from 300,000-plus followers.



But last year, Truaxe's online and workplace behavior became erratic. He publicly antagonized competitors and customers, threatened to shut down store locations with little reason, and abruptly laid off members of his executive team without warning, including Kilner. "2018 was hideous, the worst you could ever imagine," she says earnestly as we sit in a high-ceilinged boardroom, her British accent exhausted by a bout of bronchitis. Truaxe's actions, reportedly linked to drugs and mental health issues (Truaxe vehemently denied he was mentally ill), became spectacle, tracked by gossip and beauty blogs—and eventually major news organizations—until he died unexpectedly in January after a fall from a Toronto condominium. Kilner had officially taken over as CEO only weeks before, while pregnant with her daughter, and has been focused on restoring stability ever since. "Still," she says, "we got through it because Brandon had built a sense of loyalty and family, and we all believed in what he wanted to do."

"I very much believe that you have to create the right environment to inspire people to do their best," Kilner says

Petite and blonde, Kilner breaks into a smile when speaking of Truaxe, whom she repeatedly calls a "genius" and her "best friend." She credits his vision for Deciem's quick growth—investment from Estée Lauder in 2017; the accrual of $300 million in revenue; the creation of almost 900 jobs worldwide. It was Truaxe's contagious enthusiasm and novel idea to buck the outsourcing approach to beauty entrepreneurship and bring everything, from formulation to packaging, under one roof that compelled her to leave her job as a buyer for the British health-and-beauty chain Boots and join him when Deciem was just five people working in a small factory on Toronto's Queen Street West. Kilner hopes to continue that self-sustaining model under her tenure, with special emphasis on Deciem's employees, whom she sees as individual entrepreneurs. "I very much believe that you have to create the right environment to inspire people to do their best," she says, describing a corporate culture that encourages a free exchange of ideas, and a nimbleness that allows Deciem to innovate quickly. Through the end of the year and into the beginning of 2020, the company will launch 32 new products, including an SPF and concealer from The Ordinary, a new Copper Amino Isolate Lipid from NIOD's core regimen collection, as well as two new categories: Hippooh brings a minimal-ingredient mind-set to the ever-growing baby skin-care market, while a full bath-and-body collection called Loopha features unconventional scents. (One of its offerings is best described as smelling pleasantly chalky.) There is also talk about reviving Avestan, an unrealized fragrance brand Truaxe—who was something of a perfume enthusiast—had big ambitions for, including a stand-alone store in London. "I'm not sure it's going to be profitable," Kilner says of the maiden olfactory voyage from a team of internal and external collaborators. "But it's the right thing to do for Brandon."

The Avestan store would be Deciem's sixth retail venture in the British capital, a real estate portfolio that includes a bustling Covent Garden location, which I recently visited during the summer's heat wave. As industrial fans cooled the space, customers stood shoulder to shoulder, sampling the cultish Glow Radiance Booster, a tone-evening serum that imparts a slight tan, from its Hylamide brand, and a rainbow of dietary supplements from Fountain, a range of liquid tinctures. I could feel a palpable warmth, not so much from the soaring temperatures outside as from a wholesomeness that Deciem seems to bring to the high-stakes beauty industry, grounded in a honest, clear direction it shares with its loyalists. That relationship will be put to the test when the Toronto flagship opens inside the new HQ this spring. Among its more noteworthy architectural details: a pane of glass that separates shoppers from the on-site production facility, a symbol of transparency in its purest form.—**ANUPA MISTRY**



COUNTER CULTURE
THE COMPANY WILL LAUNCH 32 NEW PRODUCTS—INCLUDING A SUNSCREEN FROM THE ORDINARY, AND A NEW BABY-CARE BRAND—OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

COURTESY OF DECIEM

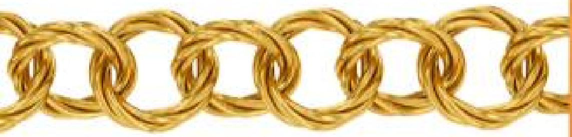

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BEHIND THE LOOK

Chain Reaction

When Chloe and Halle Bailey—a.k.a. musical sister act Chloe x Halle—stepped onto the red carpet in coordinating chain-printed Jonathan Simkhai, they exuded a late-'60s jet-set glam. "I was inspired by the journeys that people take and the distances they go to see the people they love," the designer explains of his collection, which is burnished with gleaming buckles, chains, and other hardware evocative of the sturdy suitcases of yore. Like canvas steamer trunks that have crisscrossed the ocean, these are looks that are built to last.—LILAH RAMZI



MISSING LINK

SIMKHAI DESIGNED HARDWARE-STREWN PRINTS LIKE THIS NEVER-ENDING CHAIN DESIGN.



ARTIST'S PALETTE

"HELEN FRANKENTHALER'S WORK [INCLUDING *ADRIATIC*, ABOVE] WAS THE FORCE BEHIND SO MANY COLORS FOR THIS COLLECTION," SAYS THE DESIGNER.



FROM A TO B

PLANES, TRAINS, AND AUTOMOBILES—AND THE LUGGAGE ABOARD—ALSO PROVED INSPIRATIONAL.





HAPPY DAYS

ABOVE: SCARLETT JOHANSSON AND ADAM DRIVER IN NOAH BAUMBACH'S *MARRIAGE STORY.*

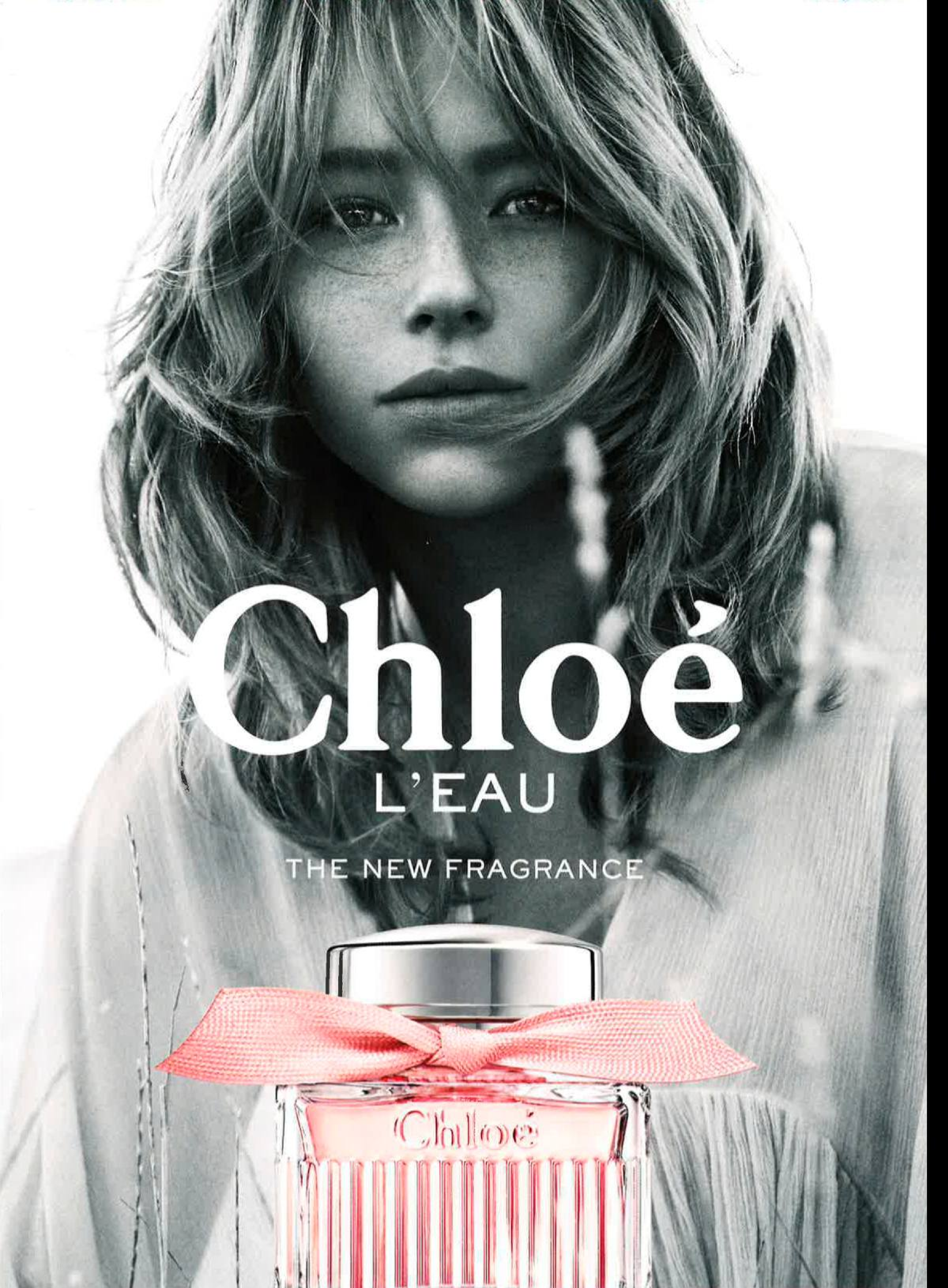
Power Couples

Succession and dissolution unfold in two new films.

MOVIES Hollywood's fortunes may be tied to comic-book spectacle these days, but this month's best films prove there's room for chamber pieces too. Two people talking! That's all it takes sometimes—and nowhere more so than in Noah Baumbach's staggeringly moving **Marriage Story** (a Netflix film, which opens theatrically this month and then arrives on the streaming service in early December). Adam Driver and Scarlett Johansson play a Brooklyn playwright and a Los Angeles–born movie actress whose marriage has run aground, a scenario that offers unavoidable comparisons to Baumbach's own split from Jennifer Jason Leigh. Neither wants a messy divorce, but Baumbach's film—achingly compassionate and ferociously uncompromising—shows the way good intentions can devolve into passive aggression, out-and-out recriminations, and high-priced lawyers. All the while their eight-year-old is on the sidelines—a desperately sad witness. The film is an acting showcase, and Johansson and Driver have never been better: mournful, ferocious, bewildered by regrets.

Marriage Story is a movie you brace for. **The Two Popes**, another Netflix film with a theatrical release followed by a small-screen debut, is one to revel in. File this brilliantly sophisticated two-hander among movies-that-sound-boring-but-definitely-aren't. Based on true events, it amounts to a lengthy discussion between the titular popes, played by the inimitable Jonathan Pryce, as Pope Francis, and Anthony Hopkins, as Pope Benedict XVI, at the moment before Benedict's resignation in 2013. Politics, Catholicism, life, music, soccer—all of it is up for debate between these two rivals, with the conservative, German-born Benedict wrestling with his faith and his conscience, and the Argentinean reformist Francis chafing under the formality of the Vatican. Brazilian director Fernando Meirelles gives us sumptuous on-location visuals (including an extended scene in the Sistine Chapel) and thrillingly dramatizes two closed-door papal conclaves. The film is squarely on the side of Francis, but the humanity of both men is what draws you in. And it has wit to spare: Hopkins and Pryce sharing a pizza already feels like a meme. —TAYLOR ANTRIM

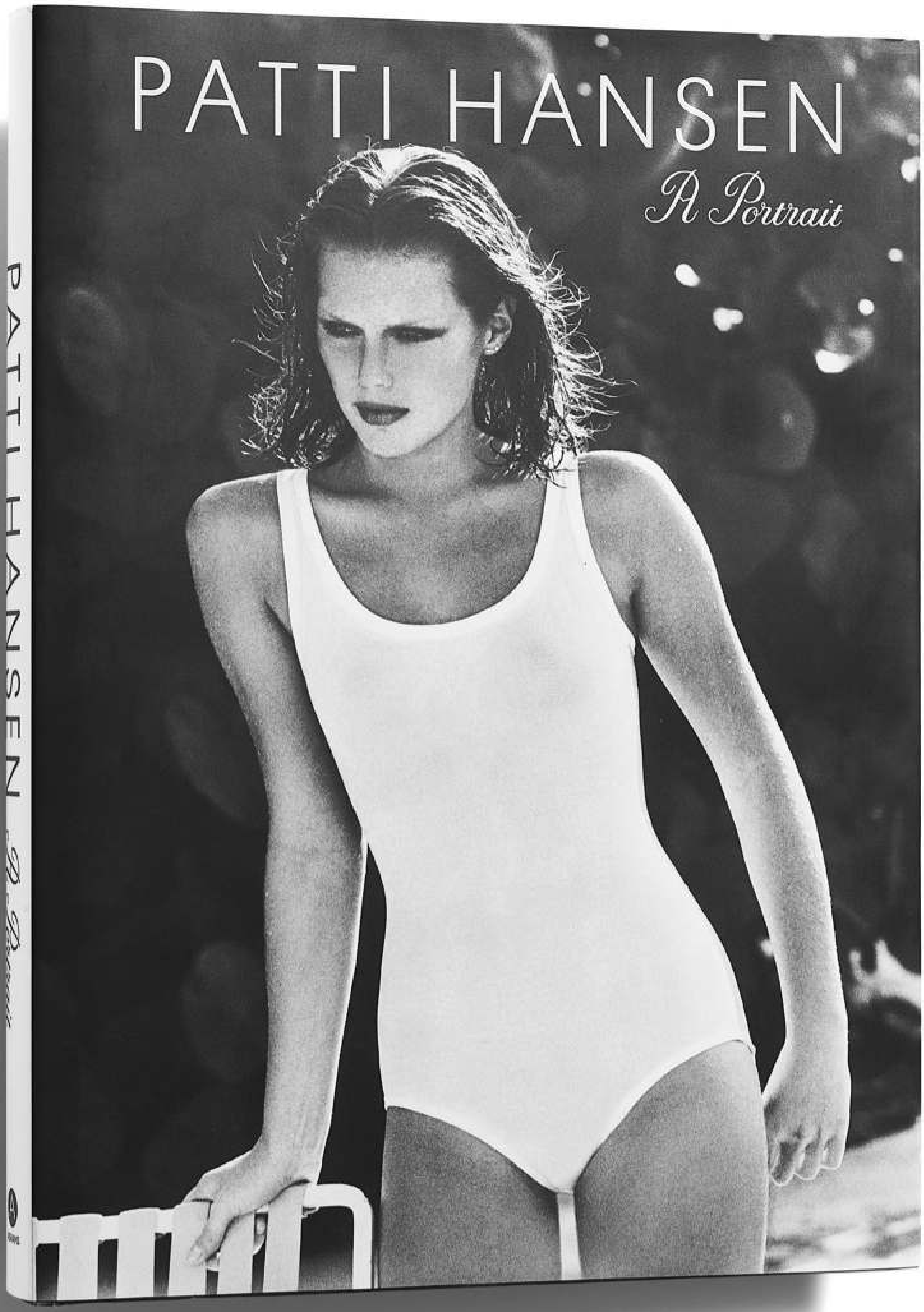
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One of the most influential faces of the twentieth century, Patti Hansen graced the cover of *Vogue* twelve times during the 1970s. *Patti Hansen: A Portrait* tells the story of her astonishing career and continuing influence through groundbreaking visuals. The book tracks Hansen's 40 years in the pages of *Glamour* and *Vogue* and includes work by legendary photographers such as Richard Avedon, Irving Penn, Arthur Elgort, Annie Leibovitz, and Steven Meisel.

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Thoroughly Modern Emily

In Apple TV+'s new costume drama *Dickinson,* one of America's renowned poets is radically reimagined.

FASHION When we first see Emily Dickinson in writer and executive producer Alena Smith's new show, she isn't yet the reclusive legend she would later become. As inhabited by Hailee Steinfeld, she's in her 20s, with only the first sparks of her poetic genius flaring out of her fingertips. But she is wearing a version of the legendary white dress that would come to stand as a symbol for her eccentricities—this one a cotton lawn gown, pin-tucked and hand-pleated.

That's pretty much the only conventional thing about America's most famous female poet in *Dickinson,* a thoroughly psychedelic FASHION>74

TO BE SOMEBODY
HAILEE STEINFELD PLAYS A FEISTY YOUNG EMILY DICKINSON.

COURTESY OF APPLE





YOUNG AMERICANS
DICKINSON'S CAST INCLUDES ADRIAN ENSCOE (ABOVE) AS THE POET'S OLDER BROTHER, AUSTIN, AND ELLA HUNT (RIGHT) AS SUE GILBERT.

take on her coming-of-age story—one of the first shows out the gate for the new streaming service Apple TV+. Smith—a playwright and former writer on *The Affair* and *The Newsroom*—calls it "a modern American gothic story," and by *modern* she means entirely remixed out of any fusty, puritanical expectations into a period piece that only tangentially honors its period: We see Steinfeld's angsty, rambunctious, queer Dickinson passionately kissing her best friend, Sue (Ella Hunt); telling a suitor that she's "in love with Death"; and exclaiming, "This is such bullshit" when told to fetch some water as part of her chores. (Also starring are Jane Krakowski as Emily's persnickety mother and Anna Baryshnikov as uptight sister Lavinia Dickinson.)

"Emily's inner consciousness doesn't fit in its own time," says Smith, "and it's bursting out." Cue the untamed paisleys and lush silks that swaddle her body, alternately confining her and providing a tableau as exuberant as the poet herself.

If the white dress is a hat tip to Dickinson obsessives, much of the rest of the costuming is a conscious implosion of expectations. John Dunn, the Emmy-nominated costume designer known for aesthetically immersive shows like *Vinyl* and *Boardwalk Empire,* says that in designing *Dickinson*'s deeply researched, hand-sewn wardrobe he wanted to quash the "warped idea of what this period looked like . . . all those sepia tones and dark, gloomy colors." Instead, with the Civil War still a decade away, the era was decidedly upbeat: Palettes were vibrant, and patterns layered like patchwork quilts. In concert with the set's rich, jewel-toned walls, hand-painted French wallpaper, and plush, tufted couches, the gowns—and even the men's attire—swirl into an explosive aria.

"I wanted to show Emily as she was exploring the world, trying new colors and different silhouettes on herself, testing the limits of the world she inhabited," says Dunn. The clothes as a whole are a mix of exacting and adventurous—keen to honor the strictures of the day, but daring in their understanding of how a poet's attire can mimic the wheeling nature of her mind.

The series flips our ideas of period television inside out, pairing a modern vernacular with a soundtrack that features A$AP Rocky, Billie Eilish, and Ecca Vandal's uncanny "Future Heroine." It's a smart homage to Dickinson herself, whose clipped lines and slant rhymes, scribbled on envelope backs and receipts, packed the sort of linguistic punches that quietly—secretly, really—reinvented the idea of what poetry might be. Now—inside the relatively small box of a 30-minute bildungsroman-cum-comedy—Smith and Dunn have turned the poet into a pinwheel of riotous flair.

Steinfeld, who made her big-screen debut in 19th-century clothing, laughs when she points out that the attire in *Dickinson* is much less dusty than *True Grit*'s earthy woolen coats. The poet's wardrobe, in fact, offers up no small dose of glamour: Dickinson appears tattooed and corseted in chartreuse silk for a circus segment, and with crimson hands and a regal gown to play none other than Lady Macbeth in a homemade production.

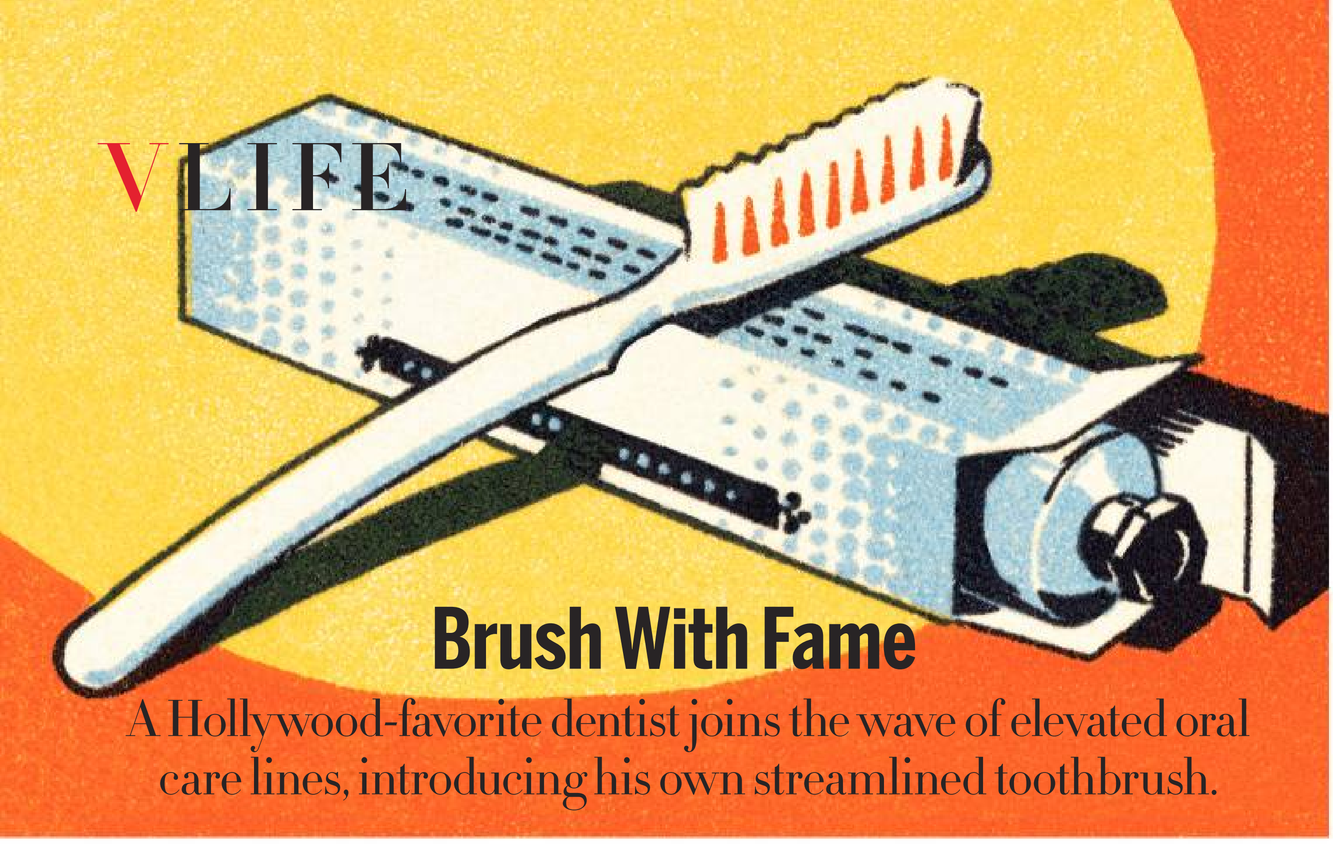
> The costumes are daring in their understanding of how a poet's attire can mimic her mind

But, most strikingly, in a midnight scene, Dickinson floats out of her house and toward Death's carriage in a scarlet silk charmeuse gown, her lips so violently stained that they too appear bloody. "Who in their right mind would ever think that Emily would be in this gorgeous and extremely sexy red dress?" Dunn asks with a laugh. For Steinfeld, the dress was a tease throughout production: She'd see sketches and swatches but was still dazzled by the final reveal. It's fitted and sumptuous, equal parts a presentation of the poet's nubile self and her fiery mind. "I would visibly see my waist go down in size as I looked in the mirror while I got dressed every morning," Steinfeld says, drawing a line between the dress and Dickinson's poetry. "The constraint—and the discomfort—look so elegant and effortless."

This is an Emily Dickinson we've never glimpsed in black-and-white photos or oil portraits. Forget the demure white dress that still stands on its mannequin in her bedroom—what the modern world wants is a Dickinson who, as her poetry exclaims, "sweeps with many-colored brooms/ And leaves the shreds behind."—**HILLARY KELLY**

COURTESY OF APPLE (2)


NEXT
LEADING
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TAMPAX
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TAMPAX
PEARL
R
REGULAR
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PROTECTION
MORE THAN
MEETS THE EYE
It's time to ditch the leaks. And get
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ALL SMILES
A BOOM IN SLEEK DENTAL PRODUCTS IS REVITALIZING EVERYDAY TEETH-CLEANING.

Brush With Fame

A Hollywood-favorite dentist joins the wave of elevated oral care lines, introducing his own streamlined toothbrush.

BEAUTY It wasn't all that long ago that dental-care products languished on dusty drugstore shelves: Waxed green floss and ho-hum tubes of toothpaste sat destined for the back of the medicine cabinet. Now even regular brushing has been transformed into an Instagram-worthy experience. Kendall Jenner has lent her name (and flashbulb smile) to Moon's on-the-go whitening pen; Twice—a line of toothpastes infused with essential oils—counts Lenny Kravitz as a cofounder; and start-ups such as Goby and Quip are trying to master the direct-to-consumer game. This mouthy moment is hardly news to Jon Marashi, D.D.S., whose practice in Los Angeles serves regulars like Justin Timberlake, Halsey, and Kate Hudson. Square-jawed and with a skateboarder's spirit, Marashi is something of a trade secret—but that stands to change with the recent launch of M Sonic, an intuitively designed electric toothbrush inspired in large part by patient requests. "They'd say, 'Isn't there anything better, anything nicer-looking?' " Marashi recalls. The result blends minimalism with high performance (at a fittingly luxurious $275). Its one-button interface pays homage to Apple's original iPod, while the four settings provide a personalized approach. As for the bristles—brilliant white instead of green or blue—that design element was a suggestion from celebrity makeup artist Jillian Dempsey, a longtime patient. The toothbrush is an extension of the idea that the best work should go unnoticed. "If Mother Nature wouldn't make them like that," Marashi says of exaggerated, too-perfect teeth, "then why should I?"—RACHEL FELDER

24-Hour Party People

With an all-day performance, a new work challenges the conventions of theater.

THEATER Let's outline the obvious: A production begins with casting, continues with rehearsal, then the audience arrives, and it all happens again the next night. But what if 101 actors were cast, rehearsals were nonexistent, and the performance (on loop) was extended for 24 hours? Such is the sui generis format of Nat Randall and Anna Breckon's *The Second Woman,* which arrives this fall at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival, part of a series of productions making their American debut under BAM's new director, David Binder.

A two-person play, the work is essentially a repetition of one scene, inspired by John Cassavetes' 1977 cult film *Opening Night,* in which a man and a woman come together in an apartment to converse, laugh, and dance. In a feat of astounding endurance, the actor playing the woman—Alia Shawkat in this version—remains the same, while the actor playing the man steps in anew each time the scene resets. As Randall understatedly puts it to me, it's a work that "doesn't rely on plot or narrative." Instead, the power derives from the conceptions of masculinity that the (mostly) amateur actors inject into the scene. Sometimes the relationship onstage is about power and struggle; sometimes it's about connection and gentleness. "There are many moments where it expresses something beautiful about humanity," Breckon says. "You can see how people can be kind to each other and unexpectedly generate a relationship within a few minutes," Randall adds. And the force of the work is also kindled by the temporal energy that the audience brings—very different at 3 a.m. versus 7 p.m.

If this *Groundhog Day* meets *Sleep No More* scenario sounds more like grad school seminar than fun night out, Randall insists that as much as conceptual performance art offered inspiration, so did reality TV, where tension comes from personalities more than narrative arc. Watching it "can become addictive," says Randall. "What is the potential of the next performer who will come through the door?"—CHLOE SCHAMA

HIT REPEAT
GENA ROWLANDS AND JOHN CASSAVETES IN THE 1977 FILM *OPENING NIGHT.*



BEAUTY: CSA IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES. THEATER: HERBERT DORFMAN/CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES.


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DAY 0
DAY 14
OLAY
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shea butter
BODY WASH
BETTER SKIN
FROM A BODY WASH?
BETTER BELIEVE IT.
Olay Body Wash visibly transforms
your skin from dry and dull
to strong and healthy in just 14 days.
Dramatization modeled after clinical results.



Figuring It Out

The *Hamilton* star proves his appeal extends beyond Broadway.

TALENT "If you had asked me, 'Did you always know you wanted to do this?,' I would've said no," Anthony Ramos tells me, scrolling through his phone. "Then my mom found this letter I wrote in the third grade." He locates a picture of the note and starts reading from it: "If I had the opportunity to be on television, I would like to entertain all the people. I would sing some funny songs and some romantic songs. The tone would be high and low." It seems nine-year-old Ramos had a sense of his future that not even the adult Ramos can quite comprehend.

We are sitting inside a buzzing Park Slope diner, around the corner from Ramos's Brooklyn apartment, where he lives with his fiancée, Jasmine Cephas Jones. The two met when they were performing as part of the original cast of *Hamilton* (Ramos played the dual roles of John Laurens and Philip Hamilton; Cephas Jones played Peggy Schuyler and Maria Reynolds) and got engaged late last year. The proposal, which took place in front of Cephas Jones's mother and grandmother, as well as friends like Cynthia Erivo, was videotaped and posted to YouTube for Hamilcouple fans. Still in the early stages of wedding planning, they've already figured out their priorities. "Jasmine and I both love music, so the DJ's gotta be on point," he tells me. "I want people sweating, suit jackets off, *chancletas* on."

Wearing a gray tee, denim shorts, and an old Calvin Klein Jeans baseball cap, Ramos has an TALENT>84

AGAINST THE GRAIN
"IT'S IMPORTANT TO WRITE OUR OWN THINGS AND TELL OUR STORIES," SAYS ANTHONY RAMOS (IN A JOHN ELLIOTT HOODIE). "THE PERSON FROM ALABAMA'S NOT GOING TO WRITE THE PUERTO RICO STORY." DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON CORBIJN. SITTINGS EDITOR: PHYLLIS POSNICK.

GROOMING: BETSY REYES AND MARTHA MELENDEZ



"Say goodbye to roots drama!"
Melinda Roots, The Drama Queen
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SIMULATION
L'ORÉAL PARIS
DARK BROWN
MAGIC ROOT COVER UP
TEMPORARY GRAY CONCEALER SPRAY
L'ORÉAL
MAGIC ROOT PRECISION
TEMPORARY GRAY CONCEALER
3 SHADES
8 SHADES
#1 ROOT CONCEALER IN THE WORLD*
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■ Easy, targeted application
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MAGIC ROOT COVER UP SPRAY
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easy charm—like the guy in your high school who's friends with everyone. Our waiter greets him by name, asking if he wants his usual (steak and eggs). When he speaks, he is animated, with an accent that reveals his Brooklyn roots. (He once mentioned to Lin-Manuel Miranda, "You know, I talk too ghetto sometimes. I should change the way I talk." Miranda told him to change nothing.)

Ramos grew up not far from here, in the Hope Gardens housing development in Bushwick, living with his single mother, his older brother, and his younger sister. "We were pretty broke," he tells me. "I asked my mom all the time, 'Why do we eat rice, beans, and chicken every day?' " Ramos was a self-described lackluster student, but music was an escape; Eminem's *The Marshall Mathers LP* spoke to him in particular: "It was a dude crying out through his music, and I was like, 'Damn.' " In middle school, a teacher heard him sing and encouraged him and two of his classmates to start a group that would perform at school assemblies. Unable to afford college, Ramos toyed with the idea of joining the Navy before another teacher strong-armed him into completing an application to New York's American Musical and Dramatic Academy and then secured him a free ride through the Seinfeld Scholarship Program. "In that moment, boom. My life was changed," he says.

"I remember feeling like I wanted to quit, and I went and saw *In the Heights.* I was sitting there being like, I can't quit. I know all of these characters"

That Cinderella story would repeat itself throughout the 27-year-old's career. Last year, after only a handful of appearances in films, he played Lady Gaga's best friend, Ramon, in *A Star Is Born.* When we speak, he's just wrapped up filming the adaptation of Miranda's Tony-winning *In the Heights,* in which he stars as Usnavi, the protagonist and narrator. Fittingly, it was seeing that show that kept him in the business years earlier, when he was beginning to doubt his prospects. "I remember feeling like I wanted to quit," he tells me, "and I went and saw *In the Heights.* I was sitting there being like, I can't quit. I know all of these characters. Maybe there is a place for me."

In October, he released his debut album, *The Good & The Bad,* a mix of club bangers and introspective ballads. In "Figure It Out," he sings, "I'm making me a promise, to admit my problems/Ain't saying I'm going to solve them, but I'm making progress." "The song's about loneliness. Men, especially, don't embrace loneliness," he explains; another track, "One More Hour," is about the first time he and Cephas Jones kissed. Given that Ramos collaborated with writers and producers behind some of the biggest contemporary hits, it's surprising how personal the final result is. "This album is better than what I dreamed of writing," he says. His first concert for the record took place at Joe's Pub within New York's Public Theater, where *Hamilton* debuted. "The fact that I get to play my first show there means a lot to me," Ramos says. "We told that story, and now I get to tell mine." —LAIA GARCIA-FURTADO



GREENS, EGGS, AND JAM
SOHO DINER OFFERS A FRESHER TAKE ON BREAKFAST ALL DAY.

FOOD

At All Hours

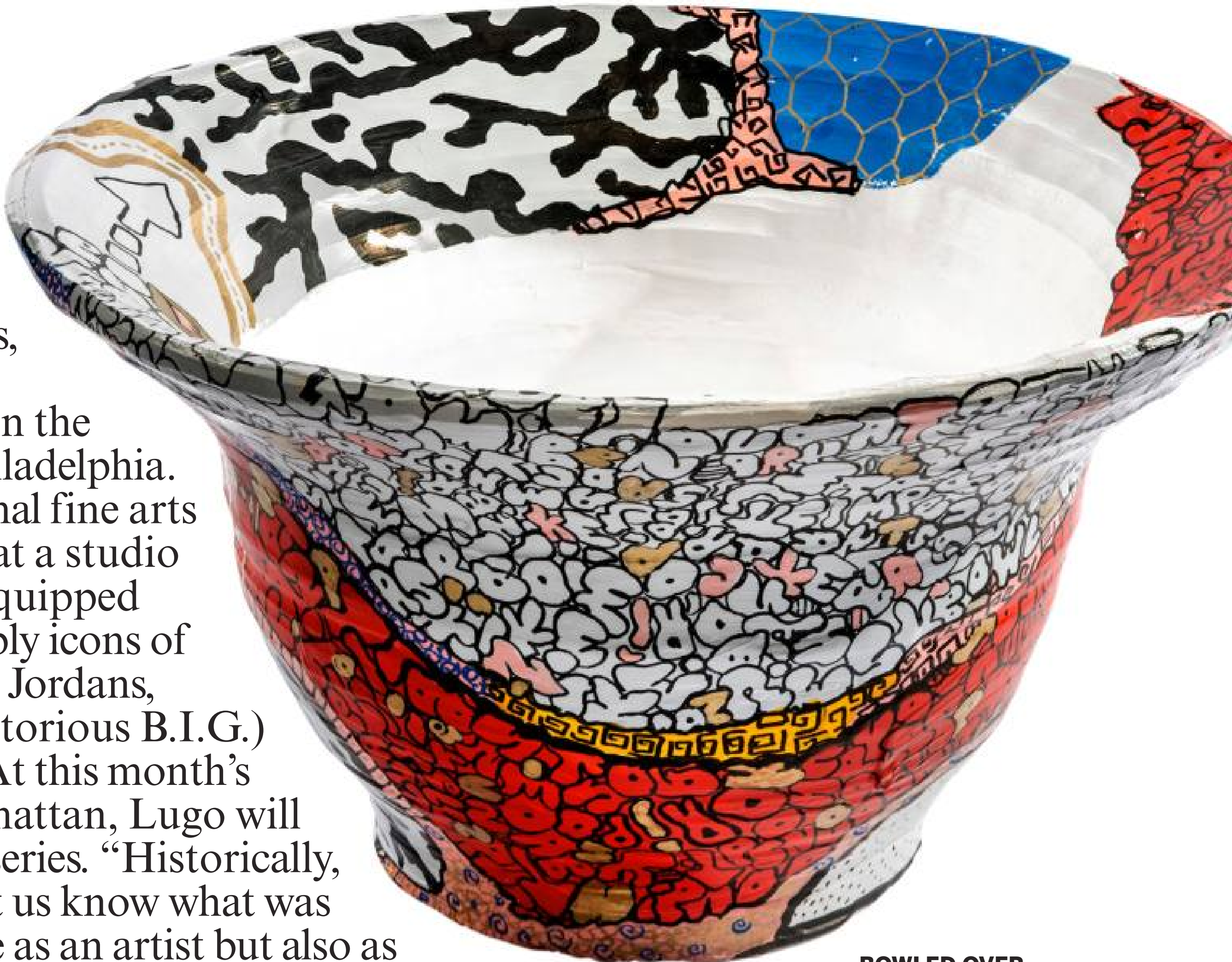
For a city that never sleeps, New York is surprisingly lacking in 24-hour eateries—especially late-night joints that don't induce regret come morning. But at the intersection of West Broadway and Grand Street in Manhattan arrives Soho Diner, a spot that pays homage to the city's greasy spoons of yore (Florent, Jerry's), while offering a polished update on retro-swank decor: pistachio-colored terrazzo floors, booths of black and white vinyl, and punchy peach pendant light fixtures. At a Formica-and-steel-trimmed bar, patrons can order up coffee, cocktails, and, of course, a stack of pancakes, served with sun-dried strawberry butter. Conceived by GrandLife Hotels and its frequent collaborator Ray Pirkle, Soho Diner hopes to achieve mainstay restaurant status with its never-not-open-dependability. "I've always romanticized diners for being reliable, approachable, and inclusive to all types of humans—from couples with a baby to drag queens," says Pirkle. "It's the epitome of New York." —LILAH RAMZI

NOAH FECKS

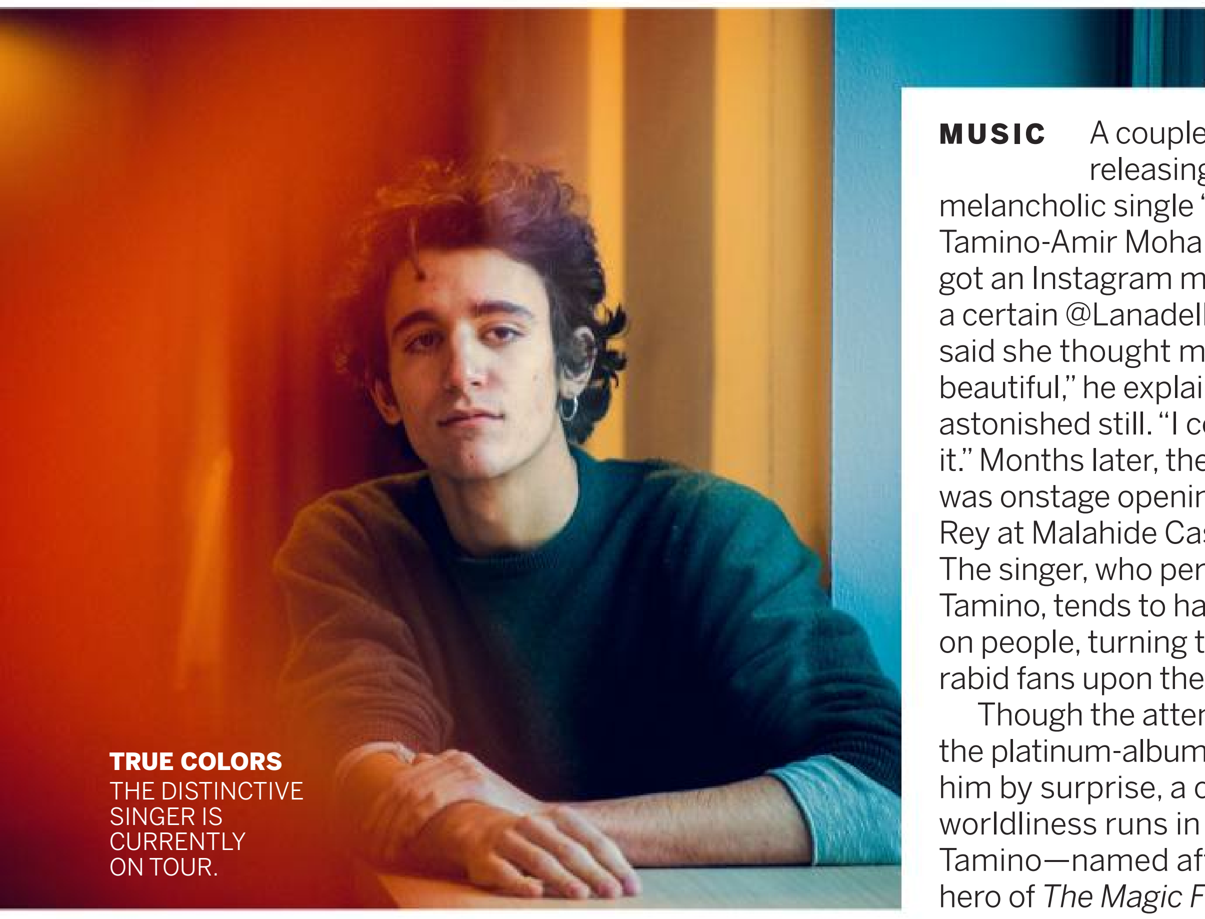
DESIGN

Street Ware

"We didn't have art in our schools, so instead I did graffiti," explains Roberto Lugo, a ceramist raised in the Kensington neighborhood of Philadelphia. Lugo eventually sought out a formal fine arts education, including a residency at a studio in Kecskemét, Hungary, which equipped him with the technical skills to apply icons of the street culture of his youth (Air Jordans, bubble letters, portraits of the Notorious B.I.G.) to classically sculpted porcelain. At this month's Salon Art + Design show in Manhattan, Lugo will debut new objects in his Stuntin' series. "Historically, anthropology used ceramics to let us know what was happening," he says. "I see my role as an artist but also as an archivist. I don't want things we are doing in my community to get lost."—LILAH RAMZI



BOWLED OVER
A HAND-PAINTED BOWL FROM ROBERTO LUGO'S NEW STUNTIN' COLLECTION.



TRUE COLORS
THE DISTINCTIVE SINGER IS CURRENTLY ON TOUR.

Different Drum

Tamino may have a strong musical heritage, but his songs transcend any specific era.

MUSIC A couple of days after releasing his piercingly melancholic single "Persephone," Tamino-Amir Moharam Fouad got an Instagram message from a certain @LanadelRey. "She said she thought my voice was beautiful," he explains, sounding astonished still. "I couldn't believe it." Months later, the 22-year-old was onstage opening for del Rey at Malahide Castle in Dublin. The singer, who performs as Tamino, tends to have that effect on people, turning them into rabid fans upon their first listen.

Though the attention from the platinum-album artist took him by surprise, a certain worldliness runs in his genes. Tamino—named after the hero of *The Magic Flute*—is the grandson of iconic singer and actor Moharam Fouad, perhaps the man who most defined Egypt's golden age of cinema in the 1960s. But Tamino, who grew up in Antwerp (his Belgian mother and Egyptian father divorced when he was a young child), says that he didn't really feel the weight of this legacy: "Where I was raised he wasn't famous." In September, the singer—who speaks Dutch, French, and English—kicked off a North American tour, showcasing new music, a deluxe, expanded version of his debut album, *Amir,* which came out last year. That tour will eventually take him to Egypt, where he will perform for the first time. (Reading keeps him grounded during times of constant travel; he's just finished the first volume of Karl Ove Knausgaard's *My Struggle.*) Influenced by Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan, the music marries undulating, drawn-out vocals with a vulnerable ethereality. "I don't really look around me at what is hip," he says. "If I were to add in some trap hi-hats, maybe I'd make more money. But that's just not how I write." His new music samples some of his grandfather's old tapes. "They're not recognizable anymore," he says. "They're just these weird soundscapes, but they come from something that's very close to me."—L.R.

DESIGN: IMAGE BY KENEK PHOTOGRAPHY; COURTESY OF WEXLER GALLERY. MUSIC: © JOKKO.


VICTORIA'S SECRET
BOND STREET LONDON
BOMBSHELL
INTENSE
The New Eau de Parfum


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BACK FOR MORE
HAILEY BIEBER WEARS AN M MISSONI TRENCH COAT MADE FROM VINTAGE MISSONI HOME FABRICS, $2,080; MATCHESFASHION.COM. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL JACKSON. FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS.

Source Material

With a new capsule of upcycled outerwear, M Missoni is reforming its future by revisiting the past.

FASHION In September, M Missoni creative director Margherita Missoni launched a ready-to-wear line of clothing made with upcycled and recycled fabrics and yarns from the house's colorful, zigzag-filled archives. Far more than merely nodding to sustainable fashion, she used that collection as a jumping-off point for a more ambitious goal: to create a fully eco-conscious M Missoni label. This month sees a big step in that direction with the debut—in partnership with MatchesFashion.com—of a new capsule including a trench, a trucker jacket, and a parka, all made from 100% upcycled woven-cotton upholstery FASHION>92

HAIR, WARD STEGERHOEK; MAKEUP, GUCCI WESTMAN. PRODUCED BY HONOR HELLON PRODUCTION.



fabric sourced from the Missoni Home warehouse in Golasecca, Italy. (The outerwear—the second collaboration with MatchesFashion.com—will be available in limited numbers via the Matches and M Missoni websites, depending on available fabric.) Patterns and textures range from a subtle heart-and-diamond motif to a crisscross rainbow plaid, a bold anemone floral, and a classic soft blue check. "Every piece is unique because each is made from maybe five different fabrics from the '70s and '80s," Missoni says.

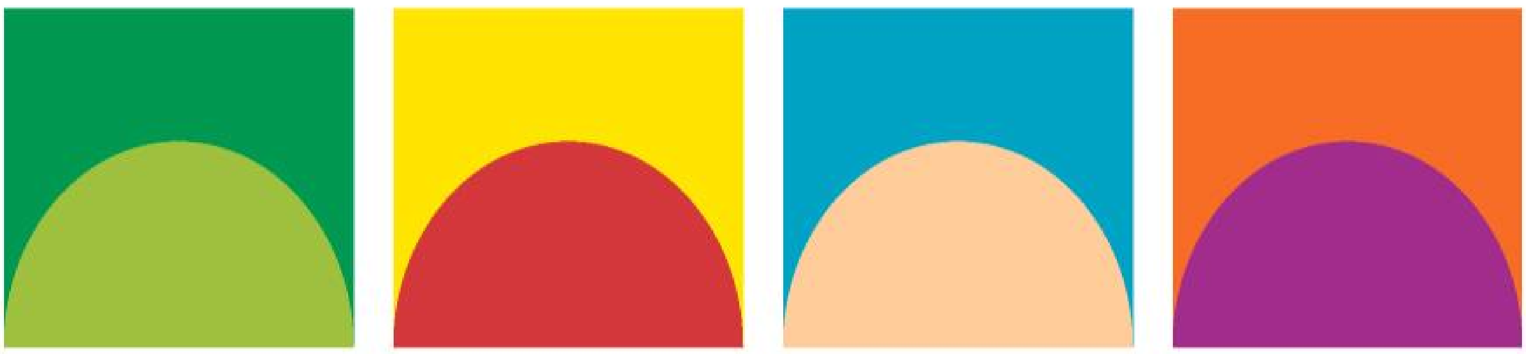
What once seemed an almost dutiful need to engage with the concept of eco-friendly fashion has, in recent years, become something led by consumers. "Our customers are increasingly interested in the conversation around sustainability," says Natalie Kingham, the fashion and buying director at Matches. "Our bigger project is to encourage reducing, reusing, and recycling, so this project was perfect."

> "Everyone has to be on board," says Margherita Missoni. "It's a change of mind-set for the entire company"

This marks the first time in M Missoni's existence that the brand is focusing on an eco-conscious approach for its design and manufacturing. "Everyone has to be on board," Margherita explains. "The design team has to be thinking about working with existing fabrics; we may need to ask the people who work in our warehouses about repurposing buttons that haven't been used for 10 years. It's a change of mind-set for the entire company."

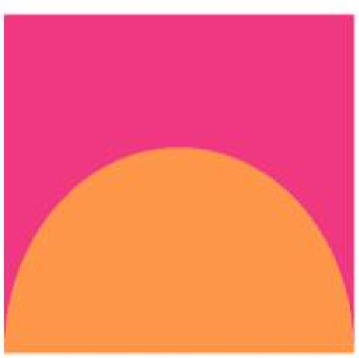
At the same time, Margherita is transparent about the challenges ahead—both professionally and personally. "I drive an electric car, and our home is built to the highest standards of sustainability, but there is so much I need to do," she says. "I am simply trying to make the best choices." She rarely throws away her own clothes or furniture, instead upcycling, reupholstering, or gifting. She buys a lot of vintage.

Throughout the project, Margherita has spent countless hours looking through her family's archives of knits and prints, as well as her grandfather's old paintings and ad-campaign clippings. Her mission: to honor the past while pushing the company toward the future. "This is really about everything in Missoni's world that has lost value," she says. "It's about giving new life to forgotten parts of the past."—**BROOKE BOBB**



French Lessons

A bygone manicure is having an inspired second act.



BEAUTY When Bella Hadid arrived at the 2019 CFDA Fashion Awards with her nails painted pale pink and the tips Chiclet-white, the throwback manicure seemed like an understated way to complement her black-sequined Michael Kors Collection gown. But when she reworked the combination a few weeks later—replete with a sassy swirled edge, courtesy of nail artist Mei Kawajiri—the effect read as delicious overstatement. The attitude-packed style was soon a staple of New York's downtown creative set, seen on model Paloma Elsesser, filmmaker Pam Nasr, photographer Petra Collins, and vintage-clothing dealer Olivia La Roche. "You see it on exotic dancers and soccer moms," says La Roche, 29, of the classic look associated with American alt-heroines, from Carmela Soprano to Cher Horowitz—and repurposed on spring runways from Khaite to Prabal Gurung. "It's actually the least 'French' manicure you can get."

Created in 1975 in the United States by Jeff Pink, the president and CEO of Orly International, the "French manicure" proliferated in the years surrounding Y2K, an era enjoying something of a resurgence. "It's definitely '90s- and '00s-inspired," Kawajiri says of her work with Hadid, who—like so many of fashion's new guard—frequently mines those decades for inspiration. To keep the style firmly forward-looking, Los Angeles–based nail artist Tom Bachik, whose clients include Victoria Beckham and Katy Perry, opts for a muted version, in which a softer bone-white polish is used to mimic the natural edge, while a sheer pink or nude evens it out. But Bachik still fields requests for the " '90s tip"—bright like Wite-Out, but definitely no mistake.—**LIANA SATENSTEIN**

HOT TIP
ONCE A '90s-ERA NAIL-SALON STAPLE, THE FRENCH MANICURE HAS FOUND FAVOR WITH A NEW GENERATION OF IT GIRLS.

IVANA CRUZ


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All Broke Up

Two new shows deal with dramatic endings.

TELEVISION It's 2:58 a.m. when word starts making its way through the staff of ratings top-dog **The Morning Show** that longtime cohost Mitch Kessler (Steve Carell) has been fired for a series of affairs with young staffers. By 7 a.m. his work-wife of 15 years, Alex Levy (Jennifer Aniston), equal parts pissed-off and bereft, poignantly announces Mitch's removal on-air, essentially filing for a public workplace divorce. What the audience sees is a network decisively dealing with yet another #MeToo monster, but behind the scenes it's a skirmish on multiple fronts, with Alex scrambling to maintain her position. Meanwhile, there's a new kid in town, says-it-like-it-is small-town reporter Bradley Jackson (Reese Witherspoon), brought in after producers spot her in an impassioned viral video. *The Morning Show,* one of the first shows from Apple TV+, is nothing short of a treatise on life in America in 2019: malignant office culture, entertainment as the death of journalism, the waning impossibility of redemption after disgrace. But tying it all together is a wondrous performance by Aniston. Her Alex may be on the brink of obsolescence, but the actress has never been more relevant.

There's a certain type of romantic who disappears so fully into her partner's identity that when the relationship is over she's left ill equipped to while away the long weekend hours. In **Dollface** (Hulu), Kat Dennings plays Jules, whose boyfriend of five years ditches her over huevos rancheros and then unhelpfully suggests that it might be time for her to start "hanging out with other women." What proceeds is half fever dream, half all-too prescient insight into the prickly, confounding complexities of life among the XXs. The show injects zeitgeisty hits—Jules works for Wöom, a pastel-coated lifestyle brand for women—and lightly skewers the wellnessification of modern female life. But where *Dollface* breaks new ground is in its wackadoo asides: A table populated by Jules's formidable Wöom colleagues slides away from her when she tries to make friends. It turns out that adult female friendship is as trippy and perplexing for Jules as it is for the rest of us.—HILLARY KELLY

LEAN IN REESE WITHERSPOON PLAYS THE SASSY UPSTART NEWSCASTER IN APPLE TV+'S *THE MORNING SHOW*.

New Leaf

Waris Ahluwalia opens a jewel-box tea salon.

WELLNESS "Picture me sitting under a tree, thinking about what direction to take," explains Waris Ahluwalia of House of Waris, a lifestyle brand as prolific as its globe-trotting founder. But as the frequent Wes Anderson cameo-maker (*The Darjeeling Limited, The Grand Budapest Hotel)* and former fine jewelry–maker soon realized, "It had been under my nose the whole time! I'd walk into our workshop in Jaipur, and they would greet me with 'Chai?' " Ahluwalia says, recalling so many warmly proffered cups. So he swapped emeralds for Earl Grey, rubies for rose petals, and spent the last five years developing a line of teas and botanical blends with his trademark pinprick precision. The full lineup lands this month at the new House of Waris Botanical Lab, in Manhattan's Chelsea neighborhood, where customers can take a chamomile to go or sit with an herbalist to create a therapeutic recipe. Ingredients like Shatavari root (celebrated in Ayurvedic medicine as a treatment for coughs and colds) and Egyptian hibiscus (abundant in antioxidants) are all certified organic and left whole for maximum potency. Elegant sachets of seven restorative blends for sleep, mental clarity, and digestion, among other things, are scheduled to be sold online and served in such destinations as Los Angeles's Chateau Marmont. "Stress is a 21st-century epidemic," says Ahluwalia, in a call to action. "Boiling, steeping, brewing, drinking: It's 10 minutes, and you deserve that."—LILAH RAMZI



WORLD CUPPA HOUSE OF WARIS OFFERS BESPOKE HERBAL BLENDS USING FAR-FLUNG BOTANICALS.

TV: ZOE GHERTNER. *VOGUE*, 2019. WELLNESS: COURTESY OF HOUSE OF WARIS; ISTOCK/GETTY IMAGES.



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In From the Cold

Autumn brings a range of literary offerings—and the latest from a master of spycraft.



BOOKS Even those who haven't read André Aciman's desire-soaked 2007 novel *Call Me by Your Name* have likely lived through it by way of Luca Guadagnino's sumptuous film adaptation, starring Timothée Chalamet and Armie Hammer as fated lovers Elio and Oliver. Now comes a sequel, **Find Me** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), in which years have passed and the scorching summer backdrop has given way to autumn. Aciman's newest work is a composition in multiple movements, the first taking place on a Rome-bound train, where Elio's newly divorced father meets Miranda, a manic-pixie dream *ragazza* who guides her new acquaintance to his late-stage sexual awakening. Meanwhile, Elio and Oliver now live continents apart and have struck up romantic arrangements, each unsatisfying in its own way. "What mattered now," Oliver realizes with quickening despair, "was unlived." A study of human intimacies, this novel asks: Does true love ever die?

In 1914, *Vanity Fair*'s inaugural editor, Frank Crowninshield, declared the members of the magazine "determined and bigoted feminists." In the decades that followed, Tina Brown and Graydon Carter would carry on that legacy, and now the magazine's current editor in chief, Radhika Jones, and editor David Friend have gathered up some of the shiniest touchstones in **Vanity Fair's Women on Women** (Penguin Press). The collection offers glimpses of a randy Julia Child, an emotionally scarred Tina Turner, a glittering Princess Diana, captured at a moment when "star quality was still emerging but the schoolgirl was still there," as Brown writes. A veritable candy box of glamour and personality, the book is a celebration of women's voices.

Actress Jenny Slate, a regular on indie-film credits and cocreator and voice of the viral stop-animation video *Marcel the Shell with Shoes On,* experiments with a different type of protective armor in **Little Weirds** (Little, Brown), her alternately tender and twee not-exactly memoir. The comedian wraps her themes in ethereal layers of whimsy, fantasizing throughout that she is not a woman but a mouse, a croissant, and a lighthouse. Rather than asking herself "the same old questions," the comedian posits, "what if I only dreamed gardens, what if I ate carrots because what if I were a pleasant rabbit?" The party trick isn't for everyone, but fans of her distinctive voice are bound to have fun.—LAUREN MECHLING

Meghan Daum's most fearless writing has always been her most personal. An award-winning essayist and journalist, and frequent *Vogue* contributor, Daum combines probing cultural commentary with bracingly introspective confession. But nothing she's written before is quite as brave as **The Problem With Everything: My Journey Through the New Culture Wars** (Gallery Books), a lament over the contradictions and paradoxes now gripping the resistance-mad left. Daum is herself a liberal, a Gen-Xer who has reliably voted Democratic her entire life, and she is as mortified at the Trump presidency as the next thoughtful person. But she's also gripped with dismay at the way nuance and complexity have disappeared from the discourse around feminism, #MeToo, identity politics, and other preoccupations among the liberal social-media set. Her willingness to question dogma and call out virtue-signaling will infuriate some, but it's an approach that's affectingly personal, achingly earnest, and something close to necessary.

Somehow he has done it again. John le Carré, who is 87, has written another sophisticated, characteristically dyspeptic espionage novel (his 25th, if anyone's counting). **Agent Running in the Field** (Viking) follows 2017's better-than-it-had-any-right-to-be best seller *A Legacy of Spies,* which brought his famous spymaster George Smiley back for one last hurrah. *Legacy* felt like a curtain call, but *Agent Running in the Field* has plenty of pep. It's set in Brexit London and begins with a 47-year-old intelligence officer named Nat, who suspects he's in for an early retirement after a middling career at MI6. He's more interested in skipping off to badminton matches than running a station of spies. The badminton material is fantastic—le Carré captures the atmosphere at Nat's threadbare sporting club with characteristic ease. And he effortlessly weaves a plot involving a young opponent of Nat's who is possibly a double agent for Putin's Russia. This is late-period le Carré, understated and modulated to the low-key finale, but also deeply pleasurable.—TAYLOR ANTRIM

LIAM GOODMAN

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JOSH OLINS



November 2019

REMAKING THE FUTURE

Each of the dozen finalists for the 16th annual CFDA/*Vogue* Fashion Fund Award are unquestionable design talents—and unmistakably themselves. But along with the individualism is a shared commitment to social equality, sustainability—and all-around, 360-degree excellence.



Photographed by Stefan Ruiz

HAIR, HIRO & MARI; MAKEUP, GRACE AHN. SET DESIGN, ROSIE TURNBULL.

CLASS ACT

The 2019 finalists, FROM LEFT: Victor Barragán of Barragán; Alejandra Alonso Rojas; Haoran Li and Siying Qu of Private Policy; Christopher John Rogers; Reese Cooper; Hillary Taymour of Collina Strada; Danielle Hirsch of Danielle Frankel; Raffaella Hanley of Lou Dallas; Natalie Ratabesi of TRE; and Abdul Abasi and Greg Rosborough of Abasi Rosborough. Fashion Editor: Jorden Bickham.

Prime Time

Model Kaia Gerber—who showcases the work of the Fashion Fund finalists throughout these pages—reflects on finding her voice and her footing in an industry in flux. As told to Abby Aguirre. Photographed by Mikael Jansson.

I GREW UP AROUND THE WORLD of modeling and fashion—it's been familiar to me as long as I can remember. When most kids had picture books, I had photography books. Herb Ritts portraits lined my walls. But the idea of what a model really does is a difficult concept for a child to understand.

My mom [Cindy Crawford] always made a point of creating a healthy disconnect. She would leave her work in the studio—when she got home, the first thing she would do is go upstairs and take off her makeup. Take off the lashes. Just take everything off. At home, she was just my mom, and for that I am forever grateful. I didn't really grasp the concept of what her work meant until later, when I watched her do it. I didn't know what Naomi Campbell, for example, did, either—I just knew she was my mom's friend. Models were people long before I understood them as models.

Eventually I developed an interest in modeling myself. When I was 13, I signed with an agency and began taking small jobs. While it was a young age to start, I was also in an unusual position: By that time, modeling wasn't a foreign world to me. From my mother I had the kind of knowledge going into it that most girls don't get. (I have an incredible admiration, by the way, for the brave young women who enter the industry without this kind of insight.) Of course, many things can only be learned from firsthand experience, but I felt secure knowing the path I was about to take. Also, most of these early jobs included members of my family or were shot by people who were far from strangers. I felt safe and protected: That was the most important thing. Of course, my age also imposed some natural limits: I couldn't travel without a chaperone, for instance, and I held off on doing runway until I felt I had the confidence and the right mind-set for such an intense work schedule.

I was 16 when I walked my first runway, at Raf Simons's spring 2018 show for Calvin Klein. Walking shows is such a strange thing because we all walk every day—but when you're suddenly wearing designer clothes and there are more eyes on you than usual, you can lose that natural ability. I remember seeing my older brother, Presley, front row, which gave me the extra bit of loving support I needed.

I've walked every season since—but until now I haven't appeared much in fashion magazines. Shortly after my first show, *Vogue* and other publications adopted new rules regarding age limitations within the industry—mainly that no model under the age of 18 could appear in editorials on their pages—and called on the rest of the fashion industry to join them. The rules were made as the fashion world began to reckon with sexual harassment and assault issues amid the #MeToo and Time's Up movements. Models began speaking up and speaking out, making it known that our industry was suffering from the same problems. And not just our industry, either—every industry. All people deserve respect and safety in their place of work, no matter their position or title, so though these new rules limited my work, I was not conflicted about them for a moment. They have affected the industry for the better in a lot of ways. It feels all of us are more protected—that our voices are being heard and encouraged and supported.

In the short time I've been modeling, I've noticed other positive shifts, too. At runway shows and on set, people are more aware of everyone's comfort. Communication is more open. In an industry where people are constantly touching you, even the little things matter: Being asked, "Can I unbutton your shirt?" or "Can I tuck your shirt in?" goes a long way. When people are comfortable and feel safe, it shows in the final product. The best art is produced in a space where everyone feels they have the freedom to be themselves.

For most of my life, I've been the youngest person in the room—oftentimes I still am. But that has never made me feel less than anyone else. My parents never had a

LEANING INTO IT

"As much insight as my mom could give me, there are some things I simply had to experience on my own," Gerber says. "The industry is very different today."



Abasi Rosborough

Abdul Abasi, 38, and Greg Rosborough, 35, use dead-stock textiles to modify traditional tailored pieces with a futuristic bent; colors are slick, and the cuts are forward-thinking. Abasi—who spent his early years after high school in the U.S. Army and working for NATO—describes their label, which embraces the technological and the biological, as "anatomically informed, architectural, and soulful." As far as inspiration goes, Rosborough—who cut his design teeth at Ralph Lauren—cites Elon Musk, while Abasi looks to Mother Nature. Abasi Rosborough jacket and pants. Rag & Bone T-shirt.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.



Private Policy

"We see our brand as a news outlet," says Siying Qu, 26, of the genderless label she and fellow Chinese-born, Parsons-trained designer Haoran Li, 27, founded in New York in 2013. ("It is very rewarding when we prove to people how fashion can be used to express serious and sometimes complex topics," adds Li.) Their latest collection delivers us clothes to wear to the revolution, with textiles offering enough durability and protection to incite its wearers to "protest at any time," as Li says. Private Policy quilted, snap-button jacket and pants.



Barragán

The Mexican-born designer Victor Barragán, 27, describes his aesthetic in two simple words: "sex positivism." Championing gender in all its iterations, Barragán flouts any and all constrictions on freedom with slinky dresses, crop tops, and tailoring for everybody, with the result being an almost impossible coolness—and, in the larger realm, "visibility for my community," as Barragán puts it. Barragán lettuce-hemmed dress. Beats Studio3 Wireless headphones.



Christopher John Rogers

While his contemporaries are mining the aughts for fashion cues, Bushwick, Brooklyn–based Christopher John Rogers, 25, prefers the va-va-voom of the 1980s with its dramatic proportions and oversize flounces and pleats. And though he finds inspiration in Abstract Expressionism, the Baton Rouge–born designer describes his Fashion Fund experience as surreal: "I feel like it isn't actually happening!" he says. Christopher John Rogers optical-illusion shirt and skirt. Rebecca de Ravenel earrings.



Lou Dallas

The six-year-old label from Brooklyn-based Raffaella Hanley, 30, isn't afraid to indulge in whimsy. Along with mere clothes, Hanley aims to deliver "a unique emotional and social value," she says. Hers are pieces with a covert sex appeal—and a palpable nostalgia for an unfettered and unbound creative freedom, replete with bows, bedazzlements, and ruffles for no reason. (A sustainable approach that incorporates upcycling is mere icing on the cake.) Lou Dallas dress. Necklaces by Eva Fehren and Scosha.

"kids' table" and made a point never to isolate my brother and me because of age. If they had friends over, we were always included—we were expected to make conversation with whomever we were sitting next to, no matter how old they were, and I think that played a huge role in growing my confidence.

This fall marked my fifth fashion season. Among other things, modeling has given my mom and me something new to bond over. I didn't really know what questions to ask her until I found myself immersed in this world that she knows so much about. (This has also led to some funny moments: In the beginning, when I'd complain to her about this or that, she would simply say, "I've been doing this a long time—that's just not going to work here.")

As much insight as my mom could give me, there are some things I simply had to experience on my own. The industry is very different today—for one thing, social media transformed how models interact with the world. We now have outlets to share our own voices—and to support others who are doing the same.

Social media also changed the way the world perceives models. We used to see them as a kind of fantasy that was a bit removed from the real world. And while that magic is dimmed a little now, I believe it's for the better. I think it's cool that we get to see everyone looking like themselves—for a young girl to realize, Okay, they don't always look like that.

It will be interesting to see how all of this affects the longevity of modeling careers—I think my generation may be the guinea pigs in this respect as we discover what that broken barrier between fantasy and real life will ultimately mean. The most important thing to me, however, is education—whether that includes college or not. I graduated early from high school, with all the credits needed to someday attend college; in the meantime, though, I'm learning more—both in front of the camera and away from it—than I ever thought possible.

If my mom is any example, that career longevity seems to be increasing: She's just as involved in the industry now as she was in the '90s. It has been surreal to see iconic cultural moments and figures from that decade—voguing, RuPaul—come full circle. It's something that really hit home when I walked in Versace's spring 2018 show just before Donatella staged a surprise supermodel reunion. For the finale, she brought out my mom, Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer, Helena Christensen, and Carla CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

Alejandra Alonso Rojas

Though the Madrid-born designer Alejandra Alonso Rojas, 34, is a fourth-generation hand-knitter, her label also offers everything from elegant satin slip dresses to woven woolen trousers. Alonso Rojas, now based in New York, says she hopes to instill "Spanish tradition and sophistication influenced by my modern life." Part of that contemporary sensibility: a commitment to sustainability. "Our development- and-production process," she says, "makes for inherently slow fashion." Alejandra Alonso Rojas sweater and skirt. Scosha earrings. Lou Dallas x Aurelia Cotton rings.







TRE by Natalie Ratabesi

L.A.-based designer Natalie Ratabesi, 41, eschews dainty dresses for empowered separates. Trousers are cut every which way—a zipper here, a pleat there—while jackets come with a surprise drawstring, equal parts form and function. They're classic pieces that seem to say, *Don't underestimate me*. "I'm not exactly a newcomer," says Ratabesi, who's worked everywhere from John Galliano to Oscar de la Renta. "But being part of the Fashion Fund is incredibly exciting." TRE by Natalie Ratabesi jumpsuit. Abasi Rosborough boots.

Reese Cooper

The Atlanta-born, L.A.-dwelling designer Reese Cooper, now 21 (he put out his first collection when he was 18), doesn't need to look far to stoke his creativity. "My inspiration over the last few years has been exploring my new home of California," he says, and his work shows it: What could be merely slouchy looks careful, and most everything is festooned with a hoodie. Reese Cooper anorak, shirt, skirt, and pants. Proenza Schouler crossbody bag. 3.1 Phillip Lim sandals.





Danielle Frankel

Danielle Hirsch of Danielle Frankel delivers us a first in Fashion Fund history—a bridal-designer finalist. Her label provides an antidote for those brides allergic to the strapless cupcake wedding dress—think brocade suits, Fortuny-esque gowns, and satin columns in shades of pearl, bone, and ecru. "I am slowly making it okay for a woman to walk down the aisle in something new," she says. (For her own wedding, Hirsch, now 30, wore a vintage trench with a silk-faille shirtdress inspired by one of her fiancé's button-down shirts.) Danielle Frankel structured jacket, pants, and earring. Brother Vellies mules.



PRODUCED BY DAY PRODUCTIONS. SET DESIGN BY KYLE HAGEMEIER AND MARY HOWARD FOR MARY HOWARD STUDIO.

Collina Strada

Few designers are as staunchly dedicated to the environment as Hillary Taymour, 32, of Collina Strada, who uses recycled and vintage dead-stock fabrics exclusively—and has banned single-use plastics from her Chinatown, Manhattan, studio. But while she may have a less-is-more philosophy to consumption, her aesthetic is anything but minimalist as prints clash elegantly in ecstatically layered looks. “If people see my clothes and feel like they can engage with the environment in a more caring and sustainable way,” says Taymour, ” I’ve done my job!” Collina Strada dress, bodysuit, skirt, and gloves. Collina Strada x Hoka shoes. Rebecca de Ravenel earrings (worn as necklace). In this story: hair, Shay; makeup, Dick Page. Details, see In This Issue.

Community Service

Behind four game-changing young brands—Atlein, Wales Bonner, Kenneth Ize, and Eckhaus Latta—is an inspirational web of muses and collaborators stretching across the globe.



LE DESIGNER SUR L'HERBE
FROM LEFT: Antonin Tron's business and life partner, Gabriele Forte (in blue); Tron's brother, Virgile; actor and activist Romain Brau; Tron's mother, Françoise; designer and activist Vanja Hedberg; designer and activist Kaisa Kinnunen; model Chu Wong (in profile); Antonin Tron; and model and actor Aymeline Valade. Hair, Mustafa Yanaz; makeup, Khela. Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

Atlein
By Nicole Phelps

ANTONIN TRON, 35, the designer behind the three-year-old French label Atlein, is quite comfortable with contradictions. Though he calls fashion's claims to sustainability "fake," his designs are far greener than those of his peers. And while he's certainly passionate about his own brand, he's also a passionate activist working with Extinction Rebellion in Paris—in fact, some meetings of the local chapter of the environmental organization (which has been behind recent nonviolent civilian disobedience actions on the Pont de Sully and the Trocadero) have been held in Tron's 20th-arrondissement atelier. "When I was on the bridge getting gassed by the police, I was thinking, What am I doing here?" he says. "I reconcile it with this idea of doing things our own way—with Atlein, we carry certain values that are positive."

Dichotomy is at the heart of his collections, too, with their persuasive mix of jersey cocktail dresses and sharp, military-strict tailoring. "I'm just instinctual," Tron says. When he launched his label in late 2016, fashion was in peak streetwear mode, but Atlein is adamantly not a streetwear brand. "My mom restored painting in churches—that was her job," he says. "I remember as a kid being close to the paintings, and the drape of the fabric is something I quote a lot."

Tron crushes, sculpts, twists, and ruches material for results that are engineered as much as they are designed—most of his dresses, for example, are constructed entirely without zippers. Still, though he's nodded to the artists John Chamberlain and Steven Parrino and the ceramicist Magdalene Odundo, he's motivated less by themes and theatrics than by his core group of friends. "Women today don't want logos," he says. "They CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



Photographed by Mohamed Bourouissa

Wales Bonner
By Liam Freeman

WHEN GRACE WALES BONNER established her namesake menswear brand, Wales Bonner, in 2014, she did so with a clear intention: She wanted, she says, "to reflect a broader spectrum of black masculinity—to go into depth in that study and remain committed to that approach." That philosophy has rallied a community of like-minded individuals, many of whom have become consistent collaborators—including MJ Harper, previously a member of the Alvin Ailey and Wayne McGregor dance companies, who has choreographed many of Wales Bonner's shows.

In February, Harper performed a daily ritual of movements over the course of four days for Wales Bonner's multidisciplinary, multisensory exhibition "A Time for New Dreams" at London's Serpentine Sackler Gallery—which, the designer says, "explored the ideas of mysticism, spirituality, and ritual across the black Atlantic." (She also showed her fall 2019 collection—which featured Ben Okri reciting a poem he'd written for Wales Bonner and Ishmael Reed playing a jazz tune on a piano—at the gallery.) One notable visitor: Christian Dior artistic director Maria Grazia Chiuri, who was so enthralled that she invited Wales Bonner to reinterpret the house's New Look silhouette for its 2020 resort collection.

"I'm interested in moments in history when men have been able to be more expressive, and I think dance is a space where you have the license to be more expressive," Wales Bonner, 29, explains when we meet at her central London studio. Often the people who showcase her designs are friends—or the result of street castings—and benefit from the motivation and sense of camaraderie a movement director like Harper provides. The two met shortly after Wales Bonner established her brand and started working together when Harper danced with Harry Alexander of Michael Clark Company for the spring 2016 Wales Bonner show. "We were finding our voice at the same time," she says, "and he's been instrumental CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



TIES THAT BIND

FROM LEFT: Dancer and choreographer MJ Harper; dancer Harry Alexander; Grace Wales Bonner; model Aurelie (standing); model and artist Kesewa Aboah; and model Romaine Dixon. Hair, Mustafa Yanaz; makeup, Siobhan Furlong. Clothes by Wales Bonner. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik x Wales Bonner. Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

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Photographed by Nigel Shafran

Kenneth Ize
By Chioma Nnadi

WHEN KENNETH IZE ARRIVED in Lagos, Nigeria, in 2015, fresh out of art school, it was something of a homecoming. Though he had spent almost all of his life in Vienna, the designer fell instantly in sync with the buzzing energy of the city where he was born. Still, getting the lay of the land in this sprawling megatropolis would require the right support system. "I really didn't know anyone in Lagos," says Ize, now 29, who counts his adorable dog Cosmos—an American Eskimo—as the closest thing to immediate family there. "That made it even more important for me to find my community."

To meet like-minded people, Ize did what any other young, creative Nigerian would do: He plugged into the city's vibrant nightlife scene. "Lagos can be a very stressful place, so going out is important for our sanity," says Ize (it's pronounced "ee-zay"), who faces challenges ranging from power outages and unreliable internet connectivity to road-blocking traffic with a good sense of humor. "And when we go out, we like to get dressed."

Ize's cohort is a stylish, well-connected bunch, part of a new generation redefining what it means to be young, gifted, and West African: There's Faridah Folawiyo, whose mother runs Alara, the city's must-visit, David Adjaye–designed concept store; Jomi Marcus-Bello, the mastermind behind cool skate-surf brand Wafflesncream; Baingor Joiner, a DJ and photographer who regularly appears in Ize's look books decked out in *aso oke,* the distinctive Yoruban hand-woven fabric that has become the designer's calling card.

And yet it wasn't until a little over a year ago, when Ize started working with a collective of craftspeople in Ilorin, a city five hours northeast of Lagos, that his fashion community was made whole. "Nigeria has such a rich tradition in textiles, but those practices are dying out," he says. "It was only after asking elders at craft markets in Lagos that I even learned of these weavers." And so one morning last September, Ize set off on the long drive to Ilorin. The circle of CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



LIFE'S RICH TAPESTRY
FROM LEFT: Designer and creative consultant Vanessa Iloenyosi; artist and architect Fadekemi Ogunsanya; DJ, photographer, and creative consultant Baingor Joiner; consultant Bolaji Animashaun; lawyer Busola Ogunsanya; Kenneth Ize; and artist Joy Matashi. Clothes by Kenneth Ize.



PRODUCED BY GINA AMANA

Photographed by Pieter Hugo

Eckaus Latta

By Maya Singer

LAST SEPTEMBER, guests arrived at the Eckhaus Latta fashion show in Brooklyn to find a vast warehouse space transformed into a hippie playroom. Rugs were splayed hither and thither, with a dozen or so kids on top of them crawling, climbing—doing kid things. Eventually, as attendees settled into their seats, the kids commenced banging on pots and shaking maracas and tambourines, creating a joyous cacophony to accompany the models' procession along a zigzagging runway.

The daughters of New York–based designer and shop owner Maryam Nassir Zadeh played in this "baby orchestra," as Mike Eckhaus and Zoe Latta called it; so, too, the toddler son of Mission Chinese cofounder Danny Bowien and the rambunctious two-year-old belonging to conductor Brian Chippendale, a musician friend of Latta and Eckhaus from Providence. Yet other friends could be spotted on the catwalk—designer-artist Susan Cianciolo, for instance, and models Paloma Elsesser and Camilla Deterre, who have been Eckhaus Latta mainstays since early on. Regulars at the brand's shows have grown accustomed to such sightings: For Eckhaus, 30, and Latta, 31, fashion is a family affair.

"When Zoe and I started out, we didn't have any money—or, to be honest, any idea of how to run a fashion business," explains Eckhaus of his and Latta's community-minded approach to their eight-year-old brand. "But we did have this network of talented friends who were willing to, like, play with us. That's the great thing about being in your early 20s—all you've got is ideas and time."

It's a month out from New York Fashion Week, and Eckhaus is milling about his Lower East Side studio, waiting for a check-in call from Latta, who runs a second studio out of L.A. This unusual setup works thanks only to the umbilical connection between the two designers, who met as students at RISD and who seem to have been engaged in a nonstop conversation ever since. Though neither studied fashion at school, their desire to launch a brand stemmed from CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



THE SOCIAL NETWORK

FROM LEFT: Michael Eckhaus; model Paloma Elsesser; Zoe Latta; model Oliver Price; teacher and model Thea Garlid; model and actress May Hong; model Rose Daniels; photographer Michael Bailey-Gates; model and artist Jane Moseley; filmmaker Alia Raza; actor and model Hari Nef; model Raven; artist and model Coco Gordon Moore; model Camilla Deterre; model Cole Mohr; actor Anna Cordell; and model Mahi. Clothes from Eckhaus Latta's spring 2020 collection. Hair, Holli Smith; makeup, Inge Grognard for MAC. Show stylist: Avena Gallagher. Details, see In This Issue. Sittings Editor: Jorden Bickham.



Photographed by Stefan Ruiz

SUITING YOURSELF

Tailoring is having a renaissance moment—one that reflects an evolution from sober to soft, and from masculine to fluid, sensual, and hyperfeminine. Photographed by Bibi Borthwick.



CLOUD NINE
Who said suiting has to be stuffy? The airy volume of model Ugbad Abdi's **Loewe** broderie anglaise skirt ($4,850; loewe.com) is tethered by **Proenza Schouler**'s linen blazer ($1,890; Proenza Schouler, NYC). **Loewe** shirt, $1,100; loewe.com. **Givenchy** sandals. **Maria Tash** septum rings and chain, worn throughout. Earrings by **Bvlgari** and **Ana Khouri.** Rings by **Tiffany & Co.** and **Graff.**
Fashion Editor: Camilla Nickerson.



FINE AND DANDY

At Givenchy, Clare Waight Keller has made tailoring her focus for men—and women. This cotton-candy **Givenchy** jacket ($2,665) and pants ($1,060) with a blossom-printed dress ($1,990; all at Givenchy, NYC) is the perfect ensemble for making pitches—or making merry. Earrings by **Alexander McQueen** and **ALTR. Van Cleef & Arpels** rings.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY
One of the ways designers are unbuttoning the potential of the suit is by thinking of it as a layering piece. **Louis Vuitton**'s embellished leather motocross-meets-rococo cape and silk blazer; select Louis Vuitton stores. **Bottega Veneta** pants; bottegaveneta.com. **Van Cleef & Arpels** clip, on headwrap.





PLUSH LIFE
Nineties nostalgia is news—and who better to revisit the era than **Tom Ford,** who put the decade on the style map? This velvet jacket ($2,950) and duchesse silk pants ($1,990; both at tomford.com) nod to his own archive. A **Prada** minidress ($1,770; select Prada stores) takes the look from night(club) to day. Earrings by **Ana Khouri** and **Tiffany & Co.** Rings by **Van Cleef & Arpels** and **Bvlgari.**



FRESH CUTS
Tailoring and flou are fashion's yin and yang. Softening the sharpness of **Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello**'s satin jacket ($3,790; Saint Laurent, NYC) is an organza shirtdress by **Rochas** ($3,200; modaoperandi .com). Earrings by **Bvlgari** and **Ana Khouri.**



GREEN PIECE
Dries Van Noten's silk tulle top ($1,390; Barneys New York, NYC) is printed with a photograph of flowers from his own garden and layered here atop a wool blazer ($1,235) and pants ($790; both at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC). Earrings by **Ana Khouri** and **Alexander McQueen.**



RARE FORM

The suit has gone full circle—from pin-striped to pretty. **Hermès** wool-and-satin jacket ($3,500) and wool pants ($2,600); select Hermès stores. **Jil Sander** crochet sweater ($1,290; jilsander.com) worn over a crisp cotton **J. Crew** shirt ($70; jcrew.com). Earrings by **Cartier** and **Graff**. Rings by **Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels,** and **Tiffany & Co.**



PETAL PUSHER
The new soft suiting is anything but boxy. **Philosophy di Lorenzo Serafini** blazer ($1,580) and jumpsuit, worn under dress ($980); Barneys New York, NYC. **Prada** smock-neck, flower-embroidered dress, $2,450; select Prada stores. Earrings and rings by **Graff** and **Tiffany & Co.**



OPPOSITES ATTRACT
Fantasy takes flight when **Alexander McQueen**'s Sarah Burton combines black leather and lace in a suit worthy of a superheroine. Jacket and pants ($3,580); Alexander McQueen, NYC. **Sacai** lace blouse, $1,215; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Earrings by **Graff** and **ALTR.** Hijab underscarf by **Haute Hijab.**

MOONAGE DAYDREAM
Abdi channels an angelic Ziggy Stardust in this shimmery, strong-shouldered satin **Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello** jacket ($3,790) and pants ($1,890; Saint Laurent, NYC). **Tom Ford** sweater; tomford.com. **Bvlgari** brooch. Rings by **Van Cleef & Arpels** and **Bvlgari.** In this story: hair, Jimmy Paul; makeup, Dick Page. Details, see In This Issue.



PRODUCED BY AP STUDIOS. SET DESIGN, WHITNEY HELLESEN.

A New World

Rihanna has left her mark on music, design, beauty, lingerie—and now she's upending fashion at the highest levels. She talks to Abby Aguirre about Fenty, that album you're waiting for, being happy in love, and, oh yes, she has a few choice words for the president. Photographed by Ethan James Green.



LOVE THE WAY SHE LIES

"I've never been afraid to take risks." Rihanna wears an Alexander McQueen dress. Rings by Shay Jewelry, Hoorsenbuhs, Hermès, and Delfina Delettrez.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.



Rihanna is ready. First she moved our interview from Thursday to Wednesday. Then from evening to afternoon. When I get word of this latest change, on a slick and humid August day in Los Angeles, I have just enough time to shower and get to the Hotel Bel-Air.

Waiting for Rihanna is practically a journalistic genre all its own. That the Barbadian superstar is now running ahead of schedule seems evidence of her new life as global fashion mogul. Only three and a half years have passed since she presented her first Fenty x Puma collection at New York Fashion Week, a vision of gothleisure delivered to a clamoring world ("if the Addams Family went to the gym" was how she put it). At the time, design was something she was trying on; over the following year, Puma's profits rose by 92 percent.

Since then the 31-year-old has done nothing less than upend the beauty and lingerie industries. In 2017 Fenty Beauty introduced 40 shades of foundation in a business where a dozen was the norm—making a reported $100 million in the first 40 days and nearly $600 million in the first year. Dior, CoverGirl, and Revlon quickly followed, establishing a 40-shade standard now known as "the Fenty effect." (Rihanna upped the ante again this summer with a hydrating foundation in 50 shades, writing on Instagram, "When the foundation takeova ain't ova!") In 2018 she unveiled Savage X Fenty, an intimates line available in many sizes and shades of "nude." (The brand just secured a reported $50 million in new funding.)

Now Rihanna is reimagining fashion at the highest levels. Fenty maison, the Paris-based line she founded with LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton and announced this spring, makes Rihanna the first woman to create a brand for LVMH and the first black woman to lead a major luxury fashion house. According to *Forbes,* it has also made her the wealthiest female musician in the world.

Fenty, according to Rihanna, had to be honest. "I'm not the face of my brand, but I am the muse, and my DNA has to run all the way through it"

At the Bel-Air, a hostess shows me to a small courtyard table tucked behind the trunk of a century-old sycamore. I'm sitting under its dappled canopy when Rihanna arrives. She sweeps in quietly, enveloping the area and probably the swans outside in an invisible cloud of her famous scent—an intoxicating olfactory assault that, in the words of Lil Nas X, "literally smells like heaven." (The internet has decided it's a Kilian fragrance called Love, Don't Be Shy, which contains notes of neroli, orange blossom, and marshmallow.) We order Champagne.

It's safe to assume Rihanna is wearing makeup—her own Killawatt highlighter and Stunna lip paint, perhaps—but I can't say for sure, because her face is a radiant palette of natural tones. Her hair, dark and long, is pulled back in a half ponytail. I know from experience that a regular person can effectively black out in Rihanna's presence, so insanely disarming is her charisma. (Even Seth Meyers runs this risk. "The two days I wish I could remember everything about are my wedding day," he tells me. "And the day I spent day-drinking with Rihanna.") So I make a point to write down what she's wearing: denim blazer (Fenty), green slacks, strappy sandals (Bottega Veneta). In her right hand, the one with the henna-style tattoo, she is clutching futuristic masklike sunglasses whose lenses are glacier-blue (also Fenty).

Normally I bring a list of questions, but I didn't have time to prepare one, which I make a split-second decision to confess. "I'm winging it, so you have to help me," I say nervously. Rihanna flashes a grin that is somehow both reassuring and mischievous. "Aren't we all?" she says.

Rihanna's vision of luxury fashion is something like Rihanna—aesthetically capricious, casually category-busting, impossibly cool. This is because she made a rule from the outset that she had to love and want to wear all of Fenty maison herself. The fashion, as she puts it, had to be honest. "I'm not the face of my brand, but I am the muse, and my DNA has to run all the way through it," she says. "I don't want anyone to pull up my website and think, Rihanna would never wear that."

Most of the time, her website is the only place you can buy Fenty maison. (She has occasional pop-ups.) Rihanna decided to abandon the old luxury distribution model in favor of a Supreme-like "drop" strategy and direct-to-consumer online sales. This is because when Rihanna sees something she likes—which at the moment includes a lot of Balenciaga, which is getting on her nerves and giving her designer envy—she wants it now. Not in six months. *Rihanna does not want to buy winter coats in August.*

Fenty was different out of the gate. Its first collection, released in May, offered sculptural suits and minidresses with power shoulders and snatched waists—the work of a sure hand, rendered with Caribbean flair. But the clothes told a larger story, one that linked Afrocentric fashion, black nationalism, and the Caribbean diaspora—paying homage, in particular, to Kwame Brathwaite, the documentary photographer and pillar of mid-century Harlem's Black Is Beautiful movement. Fenty posted original Brathwaite images on its website and social feeds—one showed three Grandassa models in front of a banner that said, BUY BLACK—and noted that the documentarian, born in Brooklyn to Bajan parents, shares a similar surname with Rihanna's maternal family. (Brathwaite, now 81, gave Rihanna his blessing.)

The second drop, released in June (the drops are monthly, for the most part), continued these themes with lightweight, body-con skirts and dresses in tangerine and teal—all photographed by Rihanna herself. "Tie-and-dye" scarves and wraps came in bright island hues. Oversize T-shirts bore graphics from vintage postcards and tourist brochures once stocked in Barbados hotels. (THE HOTTEST WELCOME IN THE CARIBBEAN, one said.) A more traditional fashion house would've called this resortwear. Fenty described it as "intended for escape."

The monthly releases are tonally idiosyncratic because—well, Rihanna's style isn't one thing. "It can be tomboy one day," she explains. "It can be a gown the next. A skirt. A swimsuit." If it all feels like an improvisation, that's because Rihanna never planned any of this. Yes, she already had a relationship with LVMH. (Its beauty incubator, Kendo, backs Fenty Beauty.) But she never expected the chairman and chief executive, Bernard Arnault, to invite her to create a fashion house from scratch. "I just thought, Really? Is he sure? Like, now?" she remembers. "And then you're left with this opportunity that's a really big risk for everyone involved. But I've never been afraid to take risks. That's the thing that got me out of my own way. I was like: *You've never been afraid to do anything or try anything, regardless of the outcome.* So I accepted, and we went full steam ahead."

It took a year just to build the team (current head count: 44) and lay down the broad strokes. There were conceptual hurdles, such as: How do you translate Rihanna's singularly diverse style into a coherent brand? A breakthrough came after a design meeting in Paris, says Jahleel Weaver, Fenty maison's style director. Weaver recalls that he and Rihanna were having a postmortem when "really casually, not even making eye contact, she said, 'It's kind of all over the place. But I get it 'cause I'm all over the place.' " Something clicked. The design team had been trying to limit itself to one aspect of Rihanna—but there were so *many* Rihannas. "That's exactly what we should be embracing," Weaver recalls thinking. Every woman isn't Rihanna, but many women relate to her all-over-the-place-ness. "She *is* fearless, but she is also a businesswoman. She's a girlfriend. She's a friend. She's all of these things."

If the cross-section of celebrities taking to Fenty means anything, the whimsy is working. Bella Hadid wore Fenty's white denim corset dress and lime-green heels the day of the CFDA Awards. The Bollywood actress Sonam Kapoor was spotted in Fenty's oversize salmon-pink suit and matching fanny pack in Mumbai. Tracee Ellis Ross wore the same salmon power suit to a press appearance for ABC's *Mixed-ish,* the new spinoff of *Black-ish.* ("It made me feel like a boss with a secret," Ross says. "Powerful, luxurious, bold.")

Fenty maison has been celebrated in Paris, where more women have ascended to top fashion posts of late. Maria Grazia Chiuri, the first woman to lead Christian Dior, says that Fenty is "proposing a new and extremely modern approach to contemporary fashion." Rihanna's decision to be her own muse, Chiuri adds, "speaks to the increasing need for women to be in charge of their appearance, their bodies, and their lives."

All of this empire-building across industries and continents raises an obvious question: Does she still have time to record music? Rihanna hasn't released a new album since *Anti,* her irreverent, digressive, and ultimately irresistible slow-burner—and that was nearly 44 months ago. "I have been trying to get back into the studio," she says, sounding as close to sheepish as Rihanna is capable of sounding. "It's not like I can lock myself in for an extended amount of time, like I had the luxury of doing before. I know I have some very unhappy fans who don't understand the inside bits of how it works."

She's not kidding. Rihanna's Navy—among the fiercest fan bases in the stan universe—has been known to respond to Rihanna's beauty and fashion launches with a fleet of impatient, ornery comments. Occasionally, much to the delight of the internet, she claps back. One fan commented on a post about Fenty Beauty's Sun Stalk'r Instant Warmth Bronzer: "Ok now can you please go back to singing." Rihanna replied: "I love how y'all tell me what to do." "Annoyed," another fan wrote. "We want the album sis." Rihanna: "Well this is bronzer." (Rihanna then trolled the Navy with a T-shirt released in Fenty's second drop—it had a dragon on the front and, on the back, the words NO MORE MUSIC.)

> Is it true that she turned down the Super Bowl halftime show in solidarity with Colin Kaepernick? "Absolutely," she says. "I couldn't dare do that. For what? Who gains from that? Not my people"

By "the album," fans mean the reggae record Rihanna confirmed she was making more than a year ago: *R9,* as the Navy has labeled it. (It will be Rihanna's ninth.) So, is *R9* still a reggae album? "I like to look at it as a reggae-*inspired* or reggae-*infused* album," Rihanna says. "It's not gonna be typical of what you know as reggae. But you're going to feel the elements in all of the tracks." I ask why reggae feels right for this moment, and she says, "Reggae *always* feels right to me. It's in my blood. It doesn't matter how far or long removed I am from that culture, or my environment that I grew up in; it never leaves. It's always the same high. Even though I've explored other genres of music, it was time to go back to something that I haven't really homed in on completely for a body of work."

When I ask about a release date, Rihanna's face morphs into a grimace, equal parts amusement and terror. "No, oh my God, they're gonna *kill* you for that!" she exclaims. "And they're going to kill me more!" It is so strange to see @badgalriri exhibit any sort of emotion categorizable as fear that for a moment I have no clue who she's talking about. Wait—*Vogue*? Your record company? The international reggae police? "I'm talking the *Navy*—my scary fans," Rihanna clarifies. "But they've earned it," she is quick to add. "They got me here."

Does any part of Rihanna foresee a day when she might decide that, in fact, there will be no more music? "Oh, *nooo*," she says. "Music is, like, speaking in code to the world, where they get it. It's the weird language that connects me to them. Me the designer, me the woman who creates makeup and lingerie—it all started with music. It was my first pen pal–ship to the world. To cut that off is to cut my communication off. All of these other things flourish on top of that foundation."

A few weeks later, Rihanna detonated at New York Fashion Week with a Savage X Fenty spectacular at the Barclays Center in Brooklyn, an arena she last played during the *Anti* tour. The lights rose over a CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

STIR IT UP
Is her next album a reggae album? "I like to look at it as a *reggae-inspired* or *reggae-infused* album," Rihanna says. "It's not gonna be typical of what you know as reggae." Dolce & Gabbana Alta Moda dress. Panconesi by Marco Panconesi earrings.





FUTURE PERFECT
Rihanna's decision to be Fenty's muse, says Dior's Maria Grazia Chiuri, "speaks to the increasing need for women to be in charge of their appearance, their bodies, and their lives." Gucci dress and earring. In this story: hair, Yusef Williams; makeup, Kanako Takase. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY BELLHOUSE MARKES. SET DESIGN, JULIA WAGNER.



COUPLE'S



THIS OLD HOUSE
At the heart of the 110-acre property is a clapboard farmhouse dating to 1792. "We were seeking something quite authentic," Hernandez says.
Sittings Editor: Miranda Brooks.

Seeking respite from their frenzied life in New York, Proenza Schouler's Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez found the ideal escape: a charmingly rustic house and gardens buried deep in the Massachusetts countryside. Hamish Bowles ventures north. Photographed by Simon Upton.

RETREAT





Twenty years ago, Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez met at Life nightclub in Manhattan and discovered that each was on the cusp of studying at Parsons. "I was a big hippie with dreads to here who used to sew my own clothes in high school and went on tour with the Grateful Dead," remembers McCollough (a glassblower at the time). "He was the total opposite—a kind of jock from Miami." Nevertheless, Hernandez was fashion mad too. He idolized Gianni Versace and had once solicited his advice. "If you want to be a designer, you should do it, and you can do it," Versace told him, an injunction that empowered Hernandez to leave med school to follow his path. (He told his Cuban father that he was going to study architecture, to sweeten the pill.) At Parsons, in preparation for their lives in fashion, Hernandez and McCollough each read Christian Dior's 1957 autobiography, *Dior by Dior,* which revealed the story behind the creation and subsequent workings of his legendary couture house. Every season, as the fabled couturier explained, he would retreat to one of his two country homes—a mill near Fontainebleau or a château in Provence—and sketch and sketch and sketch until he had hundreds of ideas for the upcoming collection.

Duly inspired, the couple left school in 2002 to establish their Proenza Schouler brand—and, with Dior as their lodestar, began thinking about an inspirational country house of their own. Their hunt was also a response to their fast-paced Manhattan life. "New York was then just really crazy and hectic," Hernandez recalls of the days of Bungalow 8 and the Beatrice Inn. "All our friends were going out all the time and were just wild. We were running a business, and we had all these responsibilities, and the weekend became this 24/7 party."

They set about exploring the wilds of the Massachusetts countryside with a friend who'd grown up there and who'd rented a *Beetlejuice*-esque house. One fine day they picked up a real estate pamphlet in their local grocery store and spotted a tiny black-and-white photograph of a house they deemed to have "the perfect proportions," McCollough recalls. "We were having a big [Donald] Judd moment at the time, and this looked like a Judd box."

They went with friends to see what turned out to be a 1792 clapboard farmhouse out of Currier & Ives, on 110 acres in a romantic but forgotten corner of the state. The house was set on a low bluff with views across meadows to woods with a creek, a waterfall, and a swimming hole buried deep within.





NATURAL ATTRACTION

FAR LEFT: A romantic parterre conceived by Miranda Brooks features box hedges planted to match the quatrefoil motifs in the main house's stencil work (seen on the dining room walls, at RIGHT). NEAR LEFT: Hernandez, McCollough, and Moose at work. ABOVE: A cabin in the surrounding woods serves as a secondary design space.



It had a rich history: Built by the family of one of the patentees of Connecticut named in the royal charter of Charles II, the house, the couple had been told, had been a hiding place for fugitive slaves on the Underground Railway. Their friends, nevertheless, were horrified. "It was kind of falling apart," Hernandez concedes, but the couple loved such historic details as the hand-stenciled designs in the dining room, the original plaster walls filled with sheep's wool for insulation, the wide-plank floorboards, and the "funeral door"—big enough to take a coffin through—in the parlor. "We were seeking something quite authentic," says Hernandez, "and the bones were original."

The house was soon theirs, and Hernandez and McCollough "stripped everything back" to its honest-to-goodness bones. For the gardens, the couple summoned their friend the landscape architect (and *Vogue* Contributing Editor) Miranda Brooks to bring her holistic vision to the setting. "She understands 'wild' like nobody else," says McCollough, "and we wanted to keep things quite wild up here."





STILL LIFE
Around the long, dark pool are wild plantings of oxeye daisies, daylilies, and meadow flowers. ABOVE LEFT: The house's spare, midcentury aesthetic is warmed with wool rugs from Beni Ourain.

Trading, in part, an evolving high-style wardrobe for her advice, Brooks decided to take things slowly. The first project was to create privacy from the road with enclosures of tall beech hedges, one of which has an opening that leads to a romantic shaded parterre of box hedges. "I don't think there's a dash of color in the whole house," Brooks points out, referencing the couple's elegant Nakashima furniture, Tuareg straw and leather floor mats, Beni Ourain black-and-white wool rugs, and midcentury pieces found online or on forays to Hudson, New York, an hour away. Brooks took this palette as her cue for the plantings, with black iris, Queen Anne's lace, and white hydrangea. The previous owners had discovered an 18th-century fieldstone patio buried beneath an overgrown lawn—a serendipitous find that she was delighted to preserve.

As the front of the house was being embowered, the back of the property was liberated from a shroud of straggly woodland. Five acres were cleared to re-create the original meadows and open up sweeping vistas. Brooks terraced the land to one side of the house to create vegetable and bramble gardens, creating harmonious "levels and planes," McCollough says. "These little pockets of space," adds Hernandez.

The house had been the proud possessor of the area's first ever swimming pool—an electric-blue concrete mid-century job. This was replaced with a dark basin now surrounded by an orchard and wild plantings of oxeye daisies, daylilies, and meadow flowers. In the mown paths through this wilderness, the clover is springy underfoot.

The couple marvel at the garden's constant evolution. "With a garment," says Hernandez, "you cut it, and it's a static composition. But with the garden, things die, things move, things change color, things don't work, the temperature drops—it's in flux all the time." They come for weekends with Moose, the slobbering, sweet-natured Newfoundland who lopes around, as this writer discovered, in a chillingly on-target impersonation of a middling-size black bear. "The minute we get up here on Friday night you feel this instant weight off your shoulders," says McCollough, "and we are just completely decompressed. Miranda can't believe that we don't have curtains in our bedroom even though it faces east for the sunrise—but we sleep right through it." "We sleep 12-hour nights," adds Hernandez. "It's restorative. It's so intense in the city, and what we do is so intense."



As they have discovered, their rustic retreat—like Christian Dior's own country manses—has also proved to be a great source of creative energy. The couple have repurposed a small barn with walls covered in pinboard that now serves as their out-of-town design studio (and if they are feeling more adventurous, there is a cabin in the woods, too). In the buildup to their collections "we're literally here for maybe nine days sketching 12 hours a day," says McCollough. "In winter we call it the vortex because we'll come in here at midday and the sun sets three hours later, so it feels like this eternal night." "After four or five days," Hernandez adds, "we get into this zone. You dream about drawing."

After a checkered recent history with two different sets of investors, McCollough and Hernandez have recently taken back ownership and control of their brand with a new CEO and a new team. "We're just rethinking the way we work," says McCollough. "It's been cool. The interesting thing, when you own your own business, is that you get pulled in all these different directions." "At the end of the day, we want to create a business: It's not an art project," Hernandez says. "It's like a whole new chapter. We feel reengaged.

"It feels good to fall back in love with our own company," he adds, contemplating the thrilling wall of images, fabric treatments—and sketches—in the couple's countryside design laboratory. □





PRODUCED BY WILLIAM GALIUSHA

Star Turn

Adrienne Warren channels an electrifying, go-for-broke spirit and a harrowing, against-all-odds life—as *Tina: The Tina Turner Musical* comes to Broadway. By Adam Green. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.

A FEW YEARS AGO I was sitting in the dimness of the Music Box Theatre on West 45th Street watching a rehearsal of the soon-to-open musical *Shuffle Along* when Adrienne Warren, a slight young woman with delicate features, walked onstage and, accompanied on the piano, performed Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake's sprightly 1919 number "I'm Simply Full of Jazz" with such madcap joy and effortless charisma that before the song was over, I knew that I was witnessing the birth of a star. Warren's eventual performance in the show earned her a Tony nomination and put her on the theater world's radar, though it didn't quite vault her into the stratosphere. That's about to change, though, as Warren gets ready to bring her electrifying, leave-it-all-on-the-field performance as the titular diva in *Tina: The Tina Turner Musical* to Broadway this month after a hit run in London.

"When I found out that I'd gotten the job, I thought, I'm so grateful and I'm so honored—but I'm scared out of my mind," Warren recalls. "You see the strength that Tina has, and you think, How can I possibly portray that onstage and empower people the way that she makes me feel empowered? How can I fully embody that?"

Warren doesn't have Turner's *Beyond Thunderdome* physique, though when she turns up to meet me for coffee near Lincoln Center in black workout clothes, fresh from a boxing class, she looks as fit as a Navy SEAL. She attributes this to her trainer, former middleweight champion Michael Olajide Jr., who, in the course of four months, helped her gain back the muscle she lost to play a 1920s showgirl in *Shuffle Along,* giving her not just an approximation of Turner's build but the stamina to get through a physically and emotionally punishing two-and-a-half-hour musical during which she almost never leaves the stage.

"This role is King Lear times five," says Phyllida Lloyd, the show's director. "After doing two shows in a day in London, she had to be virtually carried to her dressing room and put into an ice bath, like a footballer. She's one of those performers who's prepared to go down with the ship."

Now back in New York after her year in London, Warren lives on Manhattan's Upper West Side. And though she's transparent and wildly enthusiastic when talking about playing Turner, she prefers to not discuss her romantic life. "Right now, I'm married to this show and this character," she says.

Warren's connection to the icon goes back to her childhood. "Tina and I come from similar backgrounds," she tells me. "We were both raised in the South—her dad was a preacher, my dad is a preacher. And we were both tomboys, running through fields and climbing trees barefoot. When we're around each other, I sometimes feel like she's my auntie. We have a rapport that feels very easy and comfortable and familiar." CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

SIMPLY THE BEST

Adrienne Warren wears a Miu Miu cape and tank top ($690); miumiu.com. Agolde jeans, $178; agolde.com. Hair, Nikki Nelms; makeup, Mariel Barrera. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.



A Long Legacy

With his epic, sweeping new play, *The Inheritance,* inspired by E. M. Forster, Matthew Lopez asks how we can learn from the past to forge a greater future. Hamish Bowles watches from the wings. Photographed by Steven Klein.



BORN THIS WAY

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: The Broadway cast of *The Inheritance* includes Dylan Frederick, Carson McCalley, Jonathan Burke (seated, with book), John Benjamin Hickey (standing, in suit), Samuel H. Levine, Andrew Burnap (in sunglasses), Darryl Gene Daughtry Jr. (on floor), Arturo Luís Soria (crouched), and Kyle Soller (seated). Details, see In This Issue.

Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

Only connect!" Edward Morgan Forster writes in *Howards End,* his enduringly powerful 1910 novel about class, morality, and love in Edwardian England; "only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height." In this line, the humanist Forster suggests the importance of linking what he describes as the "Inner life" and the "Outer life": surface and depth, public image and private self. His book's complex and vividly drawn characters are defined by their abilities to make these bridges, by their respective levels of hypocrisy, empathy, or compassion.

But in playwright Matthew Lopez's eviscerating and entirely absorbing new work, *The Inheritance,* the iconic line takes on an additional layer of meaning. The two-part, seven-hour play deftly connects Forster's novel to a pan-generational queer milieu in contemporary New York, effectively proving the timelessness of the novelist's themes.

The play shattered audiences in a sold-out run at London's Young Vic when it premiered in March 2018; *The Guardian*'s Michael Billington praised director Stephen Daldry's "crystalline production" and noted that the play "pierces your emotional defenses, raises any number of political issues and enfolds you in its narrative." Before its transfer to the West End's Noël Coward Theatre, it was lauded by *The Telegraph*'s Dominic Cavendish as "perhaps the most important American play of the century so far." It was subsequently garlanded with awards (the *Evening Standard*'s Best Play, the Olivier for Best Director).

Now *The Inheritance,* commandingly directed by Daldry and with several of the principal actors from the London production, arrives this fall on Broadway at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. With AIDS as a haunting presence, inevitable and favorable comparisons have been drawn with Tony Kushner's game-changing 1991 epic, *Angels in America.* (Lopez and his designer, Bob Crowley, even give one of their characters prop-house wings in the London production.) But it is Forster's novel that primarily informs Lopez's new work. "Whenever we hit a roadblock in a workshop," he says, "the answer was very often to be found in *Howards End.*"

Lopez makes Forster himself—he goes by "Morgan"—a central character. A donnish, avuncular figure in buttoned-up tweeds, Morgan, at the play's inception, is instructing a group of young men on the art of transferring life experience to paper. This circle of friends, serving as a kind of Greek chorus, questions Morgan about the seemingly effortless elegance of his book's opening line—"One may as well begin with Helen's letters to her sister"—so "dashed off, as if to suggest it doesn't really matter how you start," one of them comments. "One may as well begin with Toby's voicemails . . . to his boyfriend," they conclude. And so it begins.

> "Whenever we hit a roadblock in a workshop, the answer was very often to be found in *Howards End*"

A closeted man from an age that criminalized homosexuality, Morgan (played by Paul Hilton) is filled with wonder at this younger generation, a tribe of unencumbered men able to live their individual truths buoyed by preternatural self-awareness, PrEP (the daily preventative HIV medication), and pop-culture drollery. What they are often less aware of, as they navigate the travails of Manhattan real estate, Hamptons house parties, and nightclub dark rooms, are the struggles of a preceding generation that fought for liberation and was decimated by the early years of the AIDS holocaust in the 1980s. "How can we learn from the past to forge a greater future together?" queries actor Kyle Soller, who plays Eric Glass, an earnest activist. "It's just such a universal, human story about how we need to recognize our collective history: There's a message I think we really need right now."

At the outset of the play's action, Toby Darling (a lost-boy playwright, electrifyingly played by Andrew Burnap) is living in a spacious, rent-controlled Upper West Side apartment, the childhood home of his fiancé, Eric. Forster's novel revolves around an inheritance, the romantic country house (Howards End) bequeathed by the mystical Ruth Wilcox to the freethinking Margaret Schlegel, a mere acquaintance whom she nevertheless recognizes as a kindred spirit. In *The Inheritance,* it is a house upstate that decades earlier the young lovers Henry and Walter intended as a refuge from the disease that was ravaging their circle of friends and that is destined to become a sanctuary of a different sort.

Lopez had a "thwarted inheritance" of his own. Raised in Panama City, "a small town in the part of the Florida panhandle known," he says, "as the 'Redneck Riviera,' " he yearned for the Brooklyn of his parents' childhoods. "I think they must have seen in it a kind of paradise," he continues. "My dad was raised in housing projects; now they're able to own a home and land." Their son, however, did not see northwestern Florida as a paradise. "It was baffling to me." (He has now reclaimed his parents' urban roots, living in Brooklyn with his husband of four years, Brandon Clarke.) "The solace I had—besides my parents, who were loving and caring—was the movies and theater and reading," he recalls. "The local community theater was my salvation."

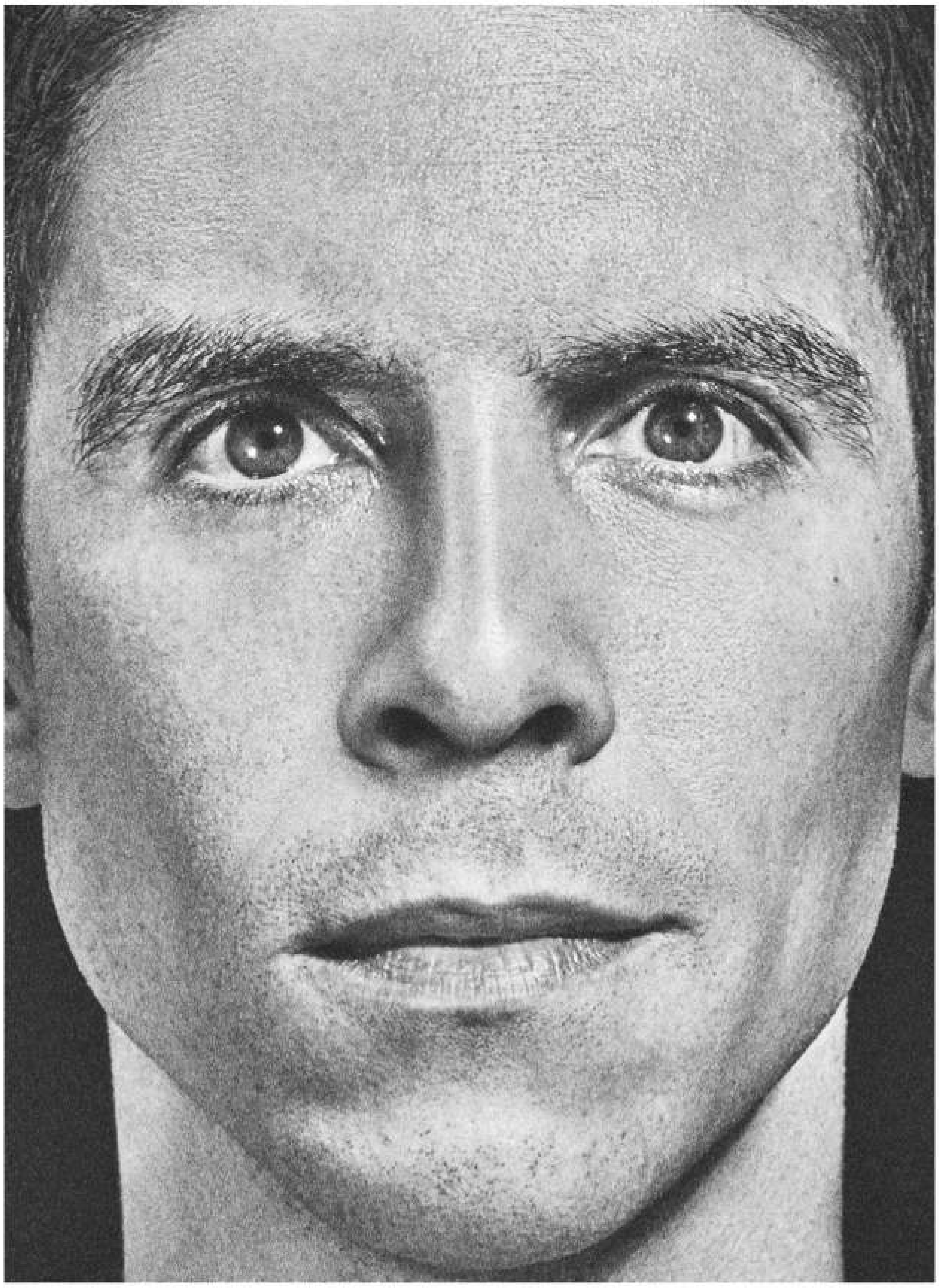
The teenage Lopez saw Ismail Merchant and James Ivory's powerful 1992 adaptation of *Howards End*. "I knew nothing about E. M. Forster. I knew nothing about *Howards End,*" he remembers, "but seeing that movie absolutely changed my life. It was the first thing that really struck a chord with me as a writer. I was just so enamored of the film and then later the book—and the love affair has not abated." The 1987 movie adaptation of Forster's homoerotic *Maurice,* published only after the writer's death in 1970, was to prove a further revelation, although Lopez had to seek

this one out. "They were not showing it in Panama City; that's for sure," he says, laughing, "and it was not available at the local Blockbuster." When he finally watched the film and then researched Forster's life, he recalls thinking, "Holy shit, this is *Howards End* but gay!" The revelation gave Lopez "the notion of retelling *Howards End* as a queer story," and six years ago the writer (who won acclaim for his 2006 breakout play *The Whipping Man*) set out to "reinvestigate" the book. Lopez wrote every word of his original draft at a Brooklyn writers' space, often working until three in the morning and even on Christmas Eve.

The result, as Andrew Burnap discovered during one of four major workshops that spanned two years, was "a beautiful mess" that ran some 10 hours. Burnap had been starring as a sad-sack Elvis impersonator turned stellar drag queen in Lopez's comedic play *The Legend of Georgia McBride* in Los Angeles but knew nothing about the new play until his manager sent him the script. "I read it at night," he recalls. "I started at nine and finished at six. For the sake of my roommates, I was trying to keep the weeping to a dull roar and muffle the laughing as well—because I also found it wildly funny."

During the workshop, Burnap played one of the young men in the circle of friends, but he was eventually asked to step in and play the part of Toby. "I even told him, 'You're too young for the role, but you'd be doing me a huge favor,' " Lopez recalls. Months later, Burnap got a call while he was driving in L.A. "I pulled over and sort of felt that my life was about to change," he remembers. Burnap had never been to Europe before he traveled for the play; the new production will mark his Broadway debut.

His fellow cast member Kyle Soller received the 400-page script the day before his audition. Undaunted, he finished reading it on the subway en route to the audition. "I felt there was something special in my hands," Soller recalls. "The characters are so fully formed and three-dimensional, and Matthew's writing is heartbreaking and poetic in equal measure." (Soller's performance won him both the Olivier and Critics' Circle Theatre Award for Best Actor.)



CENTER STAGE

"A play is theoretical until you actually get it on its feet," says Lopez, pictured here. In this story: hair, Thom Priano for R+Co. Haircare"

"It was something that hits you like a ton of bricks," says actor Samuel H. Levine of Lopez's writing. (The actor admits that he "had no idea" who Forster was when he embarked on *The Inheritance.* "Now I feel like I know him," he says.) Levine plays both Adam, a young actor on a blazing meteor's arc, and Leo, a hustler on the reverse trajectory. Having dropped out of school, Levine was working in a restaurant when he was called in to do the workshop. "I thought, There's no way in hell I am ever going to do this," he recalls, "so let's just let it rip," and that unharnessed energy helped to secure him the dual roles of the very different characters. From those early stages, Levine remembers the constant flow of new pages. "We must have killed a lot of trees!"

"There was just more than we could ever stage," Lopez admits of his first drafts. "A play is theoretical until you actually get it on its feet and watch it in a run. I don't think those early audiences knew quite how much power they had," he adds. "They taught us everything." The first preview before a Young Vic audience proved, as Levine recalls, "overwhelmingly electric—it hit really hard, hearing the reactions." Burnap remembers "sneaking into the back of the theater," during the wrenching conclusion of act one, "and witnessing the sort of theatrical event where everyone's life is changed, almost as if the entire audience is held in suspension," he says. "I'm just CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

PRODUCED BY LOLA PRODUCTIONS. SET DESIGN. JESSE KAUFMANN. PHOTOGRAPHED AT SERET STUDIOS.

Cover to Cover

LONG OR CROPPED, BOXY OR BELTED: THE SEASON'S MOST STYLISH COATS GO FOR A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE WITH KENDALL JENNER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL JACKSON



FIELD DAY

Call it a wild streak: The tiger stripes of an **Adam Lippes** top ($1,390) and skirt ($1,290; both at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC) meet the tufted-shearling trim of a military-style **Michael Kors Collection** parka ($3,850; select Michael Kors stores). **Michael Kors Collection** cap.

Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.





TO BOLDLY GO
Densely patterned—and snugly cinched—a brocade **Oscar de la Renta** coat ($4,590; Oscar de la Renta stores) delivers a decidedly fierce vision of femininity. Underneath it, Kendall Jenner wears a **Tory Burch** dress, $798; toryburch.com. **Stephen Jones for Marc Jacobs** knit cap. **Alexander McQueen** belt.



SEEING RED
Jenner sweeps the room with a glance—and a down-to-there cashmere duster so finely wrought, it practically floats. **Max Mara** coat, turtleneck ($635), and pleated, wide-leg trousers ($795); Max Mara, NYC. **Michael Kors Collection** cap. **Proenza Schouler** shoes.



HOLDING PATTERN
Transferred onto an oversize puffer—and a coyly abbreviated shirtdress—Burberry's timeless plaid shows off its versatility. **Burberry** peacoat ($2,890), dress ($1,990), and shoes; burberry.com.

COME AS YOU WERE
The halcyon days of 1990s grunge informed Versace's fall collection, injecting the house's distinctive glamour with off-the-cuff (and off-the-shoulder) attitude. **Versace** faux-fur coat, slip dress ($3,375), knit beanie, and brooch; select Versace boutiques.





BACK TO THE LAND
Silhouetted against the cool, gray dawn, Jenner cuts an arresting figure in a darkly attractive **Alexander McQueen** coat (Alexander McQueen, NYC) that seems born from terra firma.



TIPPING POINT
The blown-up proportions of a **Marc Jacobs** coat ($3,400) and dress ($2,200; both at marcjacobs.com) leave plenty of room for mischief—which is exactly what's on offer from a righteous pair of lug-soled **Alexander McQueen** boots.





MATERIALS GIRL

Embedded in Balmain's inspired take on the double-breasted trench coat is a melding of the classic (read: the lengths of natty tweed) and the coolly casual (the threadbare, dark washed–denim details). **Balmain** houndstooth coat and leather cap; Balmain, NYC. **Chanel** blouse, $2,000; Chanel stores. In this story: hair, Ward Stegerhoek; makeup, Petros Petrohilos. Details, see In This Issue.

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1. LELE SADOUGHI HEADBAND, $65; MODAOPERANDI.COM. **2.** PROENZA SCHOULER SKIRT, $1,990; PROENZA SCHOULER, NYC. **3.** PRADA SHIRT, $1,200; MODAOPERANDI.COM. **4.** LORIA CITRINE TART, $75; LORIASTERN .COM. **5.** IRENE NEUWIRTH EARRINGS; IRENENEUWIRTH .COM. **6.** COACH 1941 MULE, $375; COACH.COM. **7.** STECCOLECCO X FENDI POPSICLE. **8.** JUNIPER BOOKS CHICKEN COOKBOOK SET, $275; JUNIPERBOOKS.COM.



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Easy as Pie

At a time of thanksgiving—for family, friends, food, and those precious few moments when all three combine—jaunty staples in autumnal tones only sweeten the deal.

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KLOSS: MIKAEL JANSSON. *VOGUE*, 2015. 4: NICKI SEBASTIAN. ALL OTHERS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES.

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1. CLAUDE DOZORME BERLINGOT CHEESE KNIVES, $99; MOMA.ORG. **2.** ALEXANDER McQUEEN BAG; ALEXANDER McQUEEN, NYC. **3.** JOHN DERIAN LIDDED CAKE PEDESTAL, $1,365; JOHNDERIAN.COM. **4.** BEAUTY PIE SUPER MOISTURE LIP BALM, $20; BEAUTYPIE.COM. **5.** LA DOUBLEJ APRON, $80; LADOUBLEJ.COM. **6.** TORY BURCH SALAD PLATE ($158 FOR 4), DINNER PLATE ($118 FOR 2), CHAMPAGNE FLUTE ($98 FOR 2), AND WATER GLASSES ($128 FOR 2); TORYBURCH.COM. **7.** DI MARTINO X DOLCE & GABBANA PASTA, $160 FOR TIN BOX SET; NEIMANMARCUS .COM. **8.** CHURCH'S SNEAKER, $550; CHURCH-FOOTWEAR.COM. **9.** GREAT JONES DUTCH OVEN, $145; GREATJONESGOODS.COM.



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MILLE-FEUILLE: ERIC BOMAN. *VOGUE*, 2014. ALL OTHERS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES.


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PETER LINDBERGH
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

way it still looked like black-and-white.

Getting him to do a narrative was my favorite thing. He used to write his own scripts. I loved all of his little stories. I liked when he got really cinematic. They were usually about a woman leaving a man for someone else, or she was unfaithful and having an affair. And he liked working with older actors like John Hawkes and David Strathairn, rather than young male models.

In our story with Natalia Vodianova and Ewan McGregor [July 2010], he had Natalia running off with a waiter (who was much less attractive than Ewan). Ewan was fabulous. He came on his own, and he was the sweetest guy and got on really well with Peter. But I said to Peter, "Don't tell him that Natalia is going to dump him for a waiter, because he might not like it." And the first thing Peter said to Ewan was "Oh, well, you see, you'll get left for this young. . . ." I wanted to kill him. I really wanted to kill him. But Ewan thought it was very funny.

Peter found places that he adored, and he kept going back to them. He had a house in Arles, and he loved Arles. After shoots there he'd kind of insist that everybody get together and have dinner. So I remember having these incredible extended lunches-to-dinners on the beach in the Camargue: We just sat and ate in the sun and drank wine; it was fantastic. One night in Arles when we were shooting Carey Mulligan in the couture [October 2010], he got all the Gipsy Kings to come to the restaurant to play, and we were the only ones there. They played all night.

He liked the whole sort of voyeur thing very much, so the "Rear Window" story we did together with Carolyn Murphy and Tobey Maguire [April 2013] was perfect. Then, suddenly, he started working with this music stand with slats that you could press together or open apart, and he would shoot through it because this gave a depth—as though you were looking through a window.

Peter was very much a family man: He adored his children. He would fly to Paris from America, where he was working, just for the weekend to see his kids and his wife and then fly back again. Crazy.

One of the last shoots I did with him was a place I've been to many times before—a little kind of diner–slash–gas station called Club Ed in the California desert, built for the movies. Every time we went there he made it look different. The *very* last time I saw him, he was bent over the editing machine looking at his film from a two-day shoot, one in New York, one in London, for a series of portraits for British *Vogue*'s September 2019 cover. The challenge of putting 15 people on the cover did not intimidate him in the slightest.

He was a great photographer. Full of love and life. We will really miss him. □

PRIME TIME
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

Bruni. That was the first time I fully grasped the significance and influence these women had—and continue to have. On top of that, I felt so very fortunate to have the rare opportunity to work with my mom. In my childhood home, we had a Herb Ritts portrait hanging in the hallway—the one where all of these iconic supermodels are naked and holding each other. As a young girl, I only understood their influence on me personally—I didn't realize their impact on the culture of the world I was about to enter. When that final curtain opened at the Versace show and they were all standing there, everyone backstage started cheering and tearing up. I did, too—I finally got it.

From day one, people in the industry were often taken aback by my resemblance to my mom. As I get older, it happens even more, and it's not just a visual thing: It's everything from our mannerisms to our voices. It used to be that I didn't see it at all, but now I will look at a picture and have to take a moment before realizing which one of us it is. But the biggest compliment is when someone says I act like my mom. Beyond her beauty and obvious appeal, she has always been my hero and my role model because of the way she treats people and the lens that she sees the world through, and that's something for which I'm beyond grateful.

If you're still having trouble telling us apart, though, a quick tip: My mom's the one with the mole. □

COMMUNITY SERVICE: ATLEIN
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

want a new kind of luxury that's about a well-made object."

The model Aymeline Valade is a believer. "I like how strong his clothes make you feel, while still being so feminine. They act like an armor, but with no feeling of hindrance—just bringing the right tension where it's needed to help you have an empowered stance."

Valade was Tron's roommate when he worked at Balenciaga (he started under Nicolas Ghesquière and kept on with the house when Alexander Wang and then Demna Gvasalia headed it). He holds on to people, and they tend to be as passionate as he is. Romain Brau, Tron's oldest friend, is an actor and LGBT activist. Kaisa Kinnunen and Vanja Hedberg are designer friends who are also involved in the environmental movement; Kinnunen joins him for Extinction Rebellion actions. His mother, Françoise, who now works alongside him, and his brother, Virgile, a journalist, are pictured in our portrait, as are Tron's Atlein cofounder and partner in life Gabriele Forte; the model Chu Wong; and, of course, Valade. "Antonin surrounds himself with people that always tell him what they think for real," she says. "They're whole and honest—no pretenders."

Though Tron built Atlein as responsibly and ethically as he could, he has rarely, if ever, discussed his sustainability bona fides—something about which he pulls no punches. "I'm revolted by governments' inaction toward global warming, the destruction of ecosystems, and social injustice," he says. "I believe in a profound change in our societies for a more fair world so that we can live in harmony with our environment."

He's backing up those words not just with XR actions (he and Kaisa, Romain, and his mother were involved with October's International Rebellion) but with his clothes: Sixty percent of his fall collection was made from dead-stock materials, with zero fur or leather. He's also working hard to cut down his company's carbon impact.

"A lot of people have a very negative idea about fashion when it comes to the environment," Tron explains. "I want to say with Atlein that you can create things in a respectful way." □

WALES BONNER
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

in how I think about the development of characters and movement and space when I present a collection."

Wales Bonner's most recent collection draws inspiration from a convergence of ideas—fragmented memories of time spent traveling around Cuba; the American historian Robert Farris Thompson's exploration of Afro-Cuban spirituality and mambo aesthetics—and features 1940s silhouettes with military details, guayabera shirting, pleated cargo pants, and evening tuxedo jackets.

In just five short years, Wales Bonner has been awarded Emerging Menswear Designer at the British Fashion Awards, picked up an LVMH Prize for Young Fashion Designers, and been the recipient of the 2019 BFC/*Vogue* Designer Fashion

Fund grant; in May, the Duchess of Sussex made her first public appearance after giving birth in a dress designed by Wales Bonner. Still, it's probably more accurate to describe her as an artist—one who makes fashion the fulcrum of her work—rather than a designer. Earlier this year, she presented a devotional sound evening at Saint Peter's Church in Manhattan, where actor Zora Casebere read a candlelit tribute to the late American artist Terry Adkins, Laraaji gave a guided sound meditation, and Solange performed a selection of songs from her latest album.

"I've found my way of communicating, and that's through clothing and creating experiences," Wales Bonner says, citing collaboration—and the mentorship of such designers as Duro Olowu, who work outside traditional runway-show formats—as being central to her practice. "There are many ways to translate ideas and articulate feelings—through movement, through sound, through environments," she continues. "I like to think and create holistically, and fashion is a central point for that." □

KENNETH IZE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

artisans he discovered there in a sleepy residential neighborhood, who had the practice of making *aso oke* passed down to them over generations, would begin weaving fabric for him the very same day. (Up until then, he had been relying on one master craftswoman in Lagos—"Queen Bee," as he affectionately calls her—to fulfill the orders for his fringed, warm-weather suits, each of which requires several days of work on traditional wooden looms.)

Hand-spun with Japanese silk, the mesmerizing double-breasted men's coats, utilitarian carpenter pants, and polka-dot batik blazers earned him a finalist spot in this year's LVMH Prize and were revealed in their full glory on the runway at Arise Fashion Week this past April. With Naomi Campbell and Imaan Hammam on board to model his first womenswear pieces—including gently frayed palazzo pants and kaleidoscopic bandeau tops—for the show, Ize knew it was just the right moment to get the whole gang together: Instead of filling his guest list with local VIPs, he invited the circle of weavers to sit front row next to his closest friends. "I love what I do, and so much of that is based on the people who I work with," says Ize, who hopes to set up a weaving-apprenticeship program in partnership with the collective. "I want to show the world just what we're capable of." □

ECKHAUS LATTA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

what Eckhaus describes as an "obsessive mutual curiosity" about clothes—both the way they're made and the meaning wearers make of them in their daily lives. That sense of curiosity continues to pervade Eckhaus Latta collections even as the brand has emerged as a pillar of the New York City fashion scene: As Eckhaus puts it, he and Latta prefer to offer their clothes not as an answer but as an open-ended question: *What if?*

The phone rings. It's Latta. Eckhaus quickly fills her in on his musings: "I was just talking about how naive we were when we started out," he says. Latta laughs.

"Ignorance is bliss," she replies.

"And we were very blissful," Eckhaus adds.

It's hard to remember now, but back in 2012, when the two staged their first show, "young" New York fashion was a polished thing: The standard-bearer was Alexander Wang, who adored supermodels and who wasted no time establishing his Fashion Week show as a giddy spectacle of downtown glam. Eckhaus Latta hasn't displaced that glam, but it has carved out a space in the New York scene for an alternative, spearheading trends such as nontraditional casting; using models of all ages, shapes, ethnicities, and type; and gender neutrality. It's a modern language of fashion that the duo speak fluently. To wit: As Latta and Eckhaus assemble spring 2020 looks, they skip nary a beat as they transfer a form-fitting top from longtime fit model May Hong (now the star of the Netflix series *Tales of the City*) to the strapping guy in pinstripe trousers waiting in the wings.

"They operate on their own wavelength," says Midland Agency cofounder Rachel Chandler, who has cast the Eckhaus Latta shows since 2017. "Like, they're very open to new ideas, but they're also very serious about staying true to themselves and their own organic process."

As the company has grown, Eckhaus Latta has dispensed with some of the "Let's put on a show!" shambolics of the brand's early outings. (Latta and Eckhaus recall one runway show staged as a kind of performance-art piece . . . where no one could see the clothes. "So that was a learning experience," Latta notes drily.) In September, Eckhaus Latta opened a second store in L.A. to go with their small boutique in New York; as the brand has become more retail-focused, the clothes themselves have gotten snappier, too—their cult-fave denim is now a dependable breadwinner for the label, and with each succeeding season their eccentric tailoring and signature knits have elevated in both execution and tone. But Eckhaus Latta continues to be a community endeavor: Erica Sarlo, Eckhaus's childhood best friend, has been producing the brand's shows from the start; now she just comes attached to Susan Holland and Company, the outfit that put together state dinners during the Obama Administration. Likewise, when Eckhaus and Latta asked a handful of artist friends to create fixtures for a pop-up shop last year, it wasn't for some fly-by-night project—it was for an installation at the Whitney. "The brand's growing up at the same time that all the people we've been collaborating with are growing up, too," Eckhaus explains. "We're all more experienced, and there are different opportunities on the table. But the process hasn't changed."

"The great thing about this brand, though, is that we keep tapping into new voices and new ideas," adds Latta. "It's not like we've got some 'life crew'—that would be really boring. Our community keeps expanding—like, I met Troye Sivan at a dinner not that long ago, and now he's someone we talk to all the time; he's part of our world. I wouldn't want Eckhaus Latta to become some fixed proposition," she continues. "So we keep an open door." □

A NEW WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

sparse set that resembled the Roman Colosseum as Rihanna stood statue-like on a pedestal in the middle of a reflecting pool, wearing a sheer black body stocking, a velvet miniskirt, and witchy heels. To an industrial remix of "Woo," the menacing sixth track off *Anti,* she gyrated alongside 10 other dancers, then disappeared.

For the next 40 minutes, models and dancers strutted and twerked their way through a candy-colored lingerie extravaganza—part runway presentation, part music festival. Gigi Hadid sauntered out in a black bustier and veil as Big Sean performed "Clique," followed by Bella Hadid, Cara Delevingne, A$AP Ferg, Migos, and DJ Khaled. Joan Smalls walked arm in arm with 21 Savage. Normani led a dance crew in a lip-emblazoned bra-and-panty set. When Laverne Cox performed high kicks in a neon-pink bodysuit, she drew an ecstatic standing ovation.

The show set a new bar for fashion spectacle. (Amazon will later stream it to more than 200 countries.) It also offered the most electric articulation

of the Fenty ethos yet—an idea that has more to do with freedom than aspiration. Jennifer Rosales, who oversees Fenty's beauty and lingerie operations, puts it this way: "She's not telling everyone to be like her. She's telling everyone, 'You can feel this good too. You just gotta do you.' "

With Savage X Fenty, Rihanna hasn't just proclaimed 42H bras and 3X undies sexy. She's changed the idea of whom women should be wearing lingerie for (themselves). Likewise, Fenty Beauty didn't just prove the existence of a massive, and massively ignored, market. It told women of all complexions that they, too, belonged in the category of beauty. That's why Fenty's social feeds were flooded with comments and queries from around the world. From Nigeria, from Malaysia, from Ecuador. "Finally a collection that has the chocolate of chocolate!" one woman wrote. A woman with albinism posted a photo of her face next to a bottle of fair foundation. "Rethinking all the times I ended up orange," she wrote. "It's a new world."

Rihanna's philanthropy is part of this new world, too. Both Savage X Fenty and Fenty Beauty support the Clara Lionel Foundation, the nonprofit she founded in 2012 (named after her late grandmother Clara Braithwaite, and her 90-year-old grandfather Lionel) to fund education and emergency-response programs, mostly in the Caribbean. Recently the foundation has added climate resilience to its priorities, with a focus on women's health. When Rihanna's foundation toured Puerto Rico a year after Hurricane Maria, they noticed health clinics were still closed. Unwanted pregnancies, pregnancy complications, and HIV rates spike after natural disasters. "So we're taking a look at the harsh reality of what happens after these events," explains Justine Lucas, the foundation's executive director, "and thinking about how we can support women in a real, tangible way."

In trying to describe the way Rihanna's personality radiates, its global reach, the world tends to use the word *real*. Mary J. Blige, realest of the real, does too when I ask why she chose Rihanna to present her with BET's lifetime-achievement award this year. "Rihanna is the truth," Blige says. "Real and true to the game." But for this chapter of Rihanna's life, we may also need a new word for *power*.

There is real-world power, the kind sought and wielded by the sort of people Robert Caro studies. There is personal power, that admirable mix of self-knowledge, self-governance, and self-respect we call autonomy. And there is the more mysterious kind—the power to move masses, be it through spiritual teachings or a pop song on the order of "Like a Prayer." But there is no term for when all three are rolled into one.

Blige comes closest, I think, when she tells me that Rihanna has a rare and special combination of courage, humility, and heart: "A lot of people have it, but a lot of people don't have it. Rihanna has it."

If you've ever wondered what @badgalriri's childhood report cards looked like, you can soon seek answers in *RIHANNA,* a gigantic photo book due out from Phaidon this fall. Here's an excerpt, which you should picture on mint-green paper, in the exemplary penmanship of Robyn Fenty's grade school teacher back in St. Michael Parish:

Is sure of herself and displays a positive attitude. Is friendly and takes a leading role in group activities. Is very alert and observant of her environment. Expresses her ideas clearly and intelligently. Is very relaxed in acting out her ideas. Movement is well coordinated. Enjoys rhythms & singing. Is beginning to show shape and form in her drawing.

A few days later I drive to Venice and pick up the only two copies currently on the West Coast (one trade edition, one limited special edition), in an elaborate and stealthy hand-off of *French Connection* proportions. They are delivered in a black Range Rover by Jen Hill, a friendly member of the Fenty team. Hill started gathering photos for the project five years ago. She ended up with 400,000. Those were then edited down through a "very collaborative process," says Keith Fox, head of Phaidon. "Rihanna touches every decision," he says. "Layout, narrative, design, logo. She touches *everything*." Together the volumes are so substantial that, stacked on the front seat of my car, they trigger the seat belt–warning system. I buckle them in.

The book is a rollicking and sumptuous autobiography, told largely with intimate images. Ephemera are woven in throughout, from early passports and a Barbie workout cassette to a handwritten note from the designer Jeremy Scott that says, "Congrats on making Paris your bitch!" The book unfolds in chronological order, but the structure is freewheeling and chapter-less, lending it an impressionistic quality: how a person might recall her own lived memories.

Back at the hotel, and still winging it, I'm recalling my memories of Rihanna's social feeds from the past three years. Many of the greatest hits concern politics. When a journalist tweeted that Rihanna's "Don't Stop the Music" was blaring at a Trump rally last year, Rihanna replied, "Not for much longer. . . ." I especially relished her response when, under a post encouraging her followers to vote in the midterms, someone asked, "Are you even a US citizen? Honest curiosity." Rihanna: "Nah I'm an immigrant tryna get yo country together. Did u vote?"

I ask Rihanna if we can discuss politics. "How deep you wanna get?" she says. "However deep you're willing to go," I say. She signals that I may proceed, and I ask if it's true that she turned down the Super Bowl halftime show in solidarity with Colin Kaepernick. "Absolutely," she says. "I couldn't dare do that. For what? Who gains from that? Not my people. I just couldn't be a sellout. I couldn't be an enabler. There's things within that organization that I do not agree with at all, and I was not about to go and be of service to them in any way."

The waitress reappears from behind the sycamore trunk and asks if we would like another round of Champagne. "We're talking about politics now," Rihanna says. "You might want to bring another one."

I bring up something she posted after the mass shootings in El Paso and Dayton. Trump called the El Paso shooting "an act of cowardice" and said both were the result of a "mental illness problem." Rihanna responded, "Um . . . Donald, you spelled *terrorism* wrong!" I ask Rihanna how she felt on the day after the back-to-back shootings.

"It is devastating," she says. "People are being murdered by war weapons that they legally purchase. This is just not normal. That should never, ever be normal. And the fact that it's classified as something different because of the color of their skin? It's a slap in the face. It's completely *racist*." She goes on: "Put an Arab man with that same weapon in that same Walmart and there is no way that Trump would sit there and address it publicly as a *mental health problem*. The most mentally ill human being in America right now seems to be the president."

Thinking of a certain T-shirt from Fenty's second drop—it says IMMIGRANT across the back, and Rihanna wore it on the Fourth of July—I ask if she has anything to say to young immigrants living through this time.

"What do you say? What can you say? *It's gonna get better?* I almost feel sick to

my stomach. I don't even believe this is happening in real life. In front of my eyes. In front of the world. It's not even hidden. This is blatant. The worst part of it all—you know what, I have to show you this. . . ."

Rihanna cracks open her clutch, pulls out her phone, and plays a news clip. It's the acting director of U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services, Ken Cuccinelli, saying on CNN that Emma Lazarus's Statue of Liberty poem refers to "people coming from Europe." She stops the video. "Think about this. What does America stand for? A bunch of *immigrants*."

The waitress returns and begins to refill our glasses. Evidently something is floating in Rihanna's, because she quietly dips a superlong fingernail into it, fishes out the thing, and flicks it to the ground. I don't know if it was a bug or a piece of sycamore bark, because Rihanna doesn't complain.

"Is something in your glass?" the waitress asks.

"It's cool. I'm not picky," Rihanna says.

"Are you sure?"

"I so promise."

We watch the clip to the end. "The fact that his defense was talking about *Europeans* coming into America?" Rihanna says. "I mean, not only were you immigrants, you were the worst kind. You came in and murdered the real Americans."

I ask if it's at all helpful to be living in London, outside the fray. (Relatively speaking.) "I don't feel outside the fray," Rihanna says. "When I see something happen to any woman, a woman of any minority, kids, black men being murdered in the streets—I can't remove myself from that."

What, if anything, makes Rihanna feel hopeful? "I feel like the darkness has actually forced people to find this light within them where they want to do better," she says. "It's easy when you think everything is going really well and perfect. When everything is flowers and butterflies and you're in your own bubble and your own world. But to see it, to know it's happening—it pushes you to want to be the light in the world."

The night before our interview, Rihanna is spotted at a restaurant in Santa Monica with her mom and rumored boyfriend, the Saudi businessman Hassan Jameel. At one point I tell her I'll need to ask about her personal life, a subject she generally avoids discussing. She responds with a smile: "What's more personal than politics?" (Touché.) Okay, but is she dating? "Yeah, I'm dating," she says. "I'm actually in an exclusive relationship for quite some time, and it's going really well, so I'm happy." (Yes, she wants kids. "Without a doubt.")

Meanwhile her empire is on the rise. The Navy has sleuthed out news that she filed an application with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office to register Fenty Skin, sparking hope that a skin-care line is in the works. She also has a forthcoming collaboration with Lil Nas X. She can't disclose details but says it "may not even be with music." And there are signs *R9* is nearly finished. (The week after we meet, one Robyn R. Fenty registers a new song called "Private Loving" to the music-rights organization BMI.) She's already in the "discovery stage" for her 10th album, in fact. "We always went into the music this time around saying that we were going to do two different pieces of art," she tells me. "One was gonna be inspired by the music that I grew up listening to. And one was gonna be the evolution of where I'm going next with music."

Rihanna will spend most of the rest of the year in London, Paris, and L.A., where she keeps homes, or flying somewhere in between. "I'm definitely feeling a shift," she says. "I'm growing up. There's things that I'm paying attention to that I've never paid attention to." Like what? "Like *supplements*. And working *out*. And hearing about my *bones*." Even the words sound boring to Rihanna.

But first, she'll host the Diamond Ball, her annual black-tie fundraiser for her foundation. It's a drizzly September night, and a line has formed outside Cipriani Wall Street. Inside, wait staff circulate with Champagne cocktails and mini lamb chops. Among the guests gathered on a mezzanine floor is Mia Amor Mottley, the prime minister of Barbados. "She's a global citizen with Bajan roots," Mottley says when I ask her what Rihanna means to people in her home country. "She continues to make an impact not only through her music and entrepreneurship, but also in terms of helping ordinary people live better lives."

Eventually guests find their seats in a vast sea of banquet tables, and as baked tagliardi Bolognese is served, the auction begins. Guests signal their bids with paddles bearing a childhood picture of Rihanna, braids spilling down one side of her face. Cardi B, perched at the head of one table in an explosive pale-pink confection, outbids the room (and at one point herself) by dropping $111,000 on a special edition of the Phaidon book that comes with a 2,000-pound marble stand made by the Haas Brothers. "First of all, the money is going to charity," she tells me later. "Second, I know my business. I know the worth of the book!"

There is beef fillet and potato dauphinoise, then chocolate cake with Chantilly cream. Rihanna appears onstage in a black velvet turtleneck dress with a white mermaid tail—Clare Waight Keller for Givenchy—and introduces Mottley, one of the night's honorees and "the first woman to ever be prime minister of Barbados." Rihanna adds, "I'm also gonna guess that she's the first prime minister to attend a 2 Chainz birthday party later tonight." Mottley walks up, grinning. "I want to thank this young lady," she says. "I was minister of education when she was at school. To know that she set her sights not just on a successful career, but on building an empire, gives me the greatest pride."

More than $5 million is raised, all told. But the night isn't over. Rihanna joins Pharrell Williams onstage and raps a few verses of "Lemon," her 2017 hit with N.E.R.D., before a dance-floor scrum that includes A$AP Rocky and Megan Thee Stallion. She then sashays through the crowd to a table where her grandfather Lionel and mother, Monica Fenty, are swaying in their seats. She steals a covert snuggle from Jameel, who is looking tall, fresh-faced, and dashing in a sharp black tuxedo. It's well past midnight when Rihanna and her entourage finally move toward the door, past a Fenty Beauty station and Savage lingerie display, and head into the muggy night. □

STAR TURN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

Warren was born in 1987, in Hampton Roads, Virginia, where she grew up singing in the choir at her father's church. But her first love was sports, and she had dreams of playing professional basketball until an anticipated growth spurt never materialized (she topped out at 5 feet 4 inches, the same height as Turner). In high school she discovered a passion for music by way of the Rolling Stones, Aerosmith—and Turner, a favorite of her parents. "I used to walk around the house in my mom's stiletto heels and pretend that I was Tina," Warren recalls. "I was just so in love with how powerful she was. I had never seen a woman—especially a black woman—really owning her space like that and singing like that and moving like that. I just knew: *That's* what *I* want to do."

A production of *The Who's Tommy* at the Governor's School for the Arts, where Warren went to high school (and which her mother now runs), ignited a passion for musical theater, and within weeks of graduating from Marymount Manhattan College in 2009, she landed a spot in the chorus of the New York City Center Encores! revival of *The Wiz,* where she also served as understudy to the show's star, Ashanti. She went on to tour in *Dreamgirls* and *Bring It On* before her 2016 breakthrough in *Shuffle Along*—though when she was called in to do a workshop reading of *Tina,* her initial thought was: *Excuse* me? The creative team had looked at other actresses, but as soon as Warren came in they knew that they'd found their leading lady. "What she has is just the most spellbinding combination of passion for performing and awesome technique," Lloyd says. "You have the uncanny experience of feeling like you're watching Tina Turner, but it's also completely Adrienne. It's a kind of magic act." The show's book writer, Katori Hall (last on Broadway with her magical-realist take on Martin Luther King's final night, *The Mountaintop*), adds, "She has an ability to be girlish and vulnerable—but she also has an ability to sing your ass under the table. The fierceness and the rawness in her belly is just tremendous. When she gets up there and sings, you're not watching a Broadway performer—you're watching a rock star. She has the essence of Tina in her."

As the director of *Mamma Mia!* on both the stage and screen, Lloyd knows her way around a jukebox musical. She's also shown an affinity for bringing to life African American superstars (Josephine Baker, in Cush Jumbo's one-woman show *Josephine and I*) and, more broadly, for capturing the complexity of the female experience, from her all-woman Shakespeare trilogy to the Meryl Streep–starring Margaret Thatcher biopic *The Iron Lady*.

Here, she's taking on the life of the legendary, now 79-year-old singer, whose story of triumph over poverty, domestic violence, and the music industry trinity of racism, sexism, and ageism has become almost mythic thanks to Turner's 1986 autobiography *I, Tina* and the 1993 film *What's Love Got to Do With It,* which made Angela Bassett—and her buff arms—a star.

Looking for a way to translate that story to the theater, Hall hit on the ingenious conceit of bookending the show with Turner chanting "*Nam-myoho-renge-kyo*" as she gets ready to go onstage in front of 180,000 people at a stadium in Brazil—and, at the end, stepping out and giving the performance of her career. The rest of the show—tracing the arc of her life from singing in church in Nutbush, Tennessee, through her stardom with Ike Turner, her escape from his abuse, her years wandering in the show business desert, and her triumphal comeback—takes place as a memory during the minute before she faces the crowd, letting the theater audience experience the past that she's bringing onstage with her.

"You see her go from the highest of highs to the lowest of lows," Warren says. "You see her as a queen and then, the next second, you see her punched in the face and knocked to the ground. And then, like the survivor, the warrior she is, you see her get right back up."

Though the rough-and-tumble of

In This Issue

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103: Jacket ($1,100) and pants ($550); abasi rosborough.com. T-shirt, $95; rag-bone.com. **104:** Jacket ($495) and pants ($470); Dreems, NYC. **105:** Dress, $850; opening ceremony.com. Headphones, $350; apple.com. **106:** Shirt and skirt, priced upon request; christopherjohn rogers.com. Earrings, $295; rebeccaderavenel.com. **107:** Dress, $1,390; loudallas .com for information. Eva Fehren diamond pendant necklace, $2,825; evafehren .com. Scosha diamond-accented gold pendant necklace, $1,885; scosha .com. **108–109:** Sweater ($1,295) and skirt ($1,695); alejandraalonsorojas.com. Earrings, $5,800; scosha .com. Rings, $65–$140; loudallas.com. **110:** Jumpsuit, $1,995; saksfifthavenue .com. Rag & Bone tank top, $80; rag-bone.com. Boots, $445; abasirosborough.com. **111:** Anorak ($490), shirt ($350), skirt ($690), and pants ($725); Barneys New York, NYC. Large PS19 bag, $2,450; Proenza Schouler, NYC. Sandals, $595; 31philliplim.com. Boosted skateboard, $749; boosted boards.com. **112:** Jacket dress ($3,290), pants ($1,990), and earring ($990); daniellefrankel studio.com. Mules, $825; brothervellies.com. **113:** Dress ($550), stretch-lace bodysuit ($390), skirt ($375), flared sleeves ($150), and gloves ($200); collinastrada.com. Earrings, strung together and worn as a necklace, $285–$325; rebeccaderavenel.com. In this story: Tailor, Christy Rilling Studio. Manicurist, Megumi Yamamoto.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

114–115: On Brau: Atlein dress, $514; atlein.com. On Hedberg: Atlein top ($332) and skirt ($420); atlein.com. Adidas Originals sneakers (on ground), $80; adidas .com. On Kinnunen: Atlein top ($249) and dress ($570); atlein.com. Adidas Originals sneakers (on ground), $80; adidas.com. On Wong: Top ($365) and pants ($265); atlein.com. On Valade: Blazer ($983) and pants ($287); atlein.com. Adidas Originals sneakers, $80; adidas.com. Tailor, Sebastian Pleus. **116–117:** On Harper: Wales Bonner tuxedo jacket, pants, and talisman, on jacket (priced upon request); wales bonner.net. Manolo Blahnik x Wales Bonner shoes, $995; Manolo Blahnik, London. On Alexander: Coat ($1,420) and track pants ($700); walesbonner.net. Manolo Blahnik x Wales Bonner shoes, price upon request; manoloblahnik.com. On Bonner: Tunic ($885) and jeans ($995); walesbonner .net. Manolo Blahnik x Wales Bonner shoes, $995; Manolo Blahnik, London. On Aurelie: Top ($740) and skirt ($710); walesbonner .net. On Aboah: Coat ($2,490), shirt ($425), and pants ($1,015); walesbonner .net. Manolo Blahnik x Wales Bonner mules, $1,297; Manolo Blahnik, London. On Dixon: Wales Bonner x Eric N. Mack robe, price upon request; walesbonner.net. Wales Bonner sweater ($620), and pants ($1,230); walesbonner.net. Manolo Blahnik x Wales Bonner shoes, price upon request; manoloblahnik.com. Tailor, Gillian Ford. **118–119:** All clothes by Kenneth Ize; kennethize.net. **120–121:** Models all wearing clothes by Eckhaus Latta. Footwear by Eckhaus Latta x UGG. All priced upon request; eckhauslatta.com.

SUITING YOURSELF

122: Sandals, $695; Givenchy, NYC. Septum rings ($1,160–$1,165) and chain (price upon request); Maria Tash, NYC. Bvlgari High Jewelry diamond stud earring (on right), price upon request for pair; 800-BVLGARI. Ana Khouri diamond ear piece (on right), price upon request; anakhouri.com. Tiffany & Co. platinum-and-diamond rings, $12,250–$16,625; tiffany.com. Graff diamond ring, price upon request; Graff, NYC. **123:** Alexander McQueen hoop earring, $1,150 for pair; Alexander McQueen, NYC. ALTR Created Diamonds earring, $5,999 for pair; helzberg .com. Diamond rings, $20,800 each; Van Cleef & Arpels stores. **124:** Cape and blazer, priced upon request. Pants, price upon request. Clip (pinned on headwrap), $128,000; Van Cleef & Arpels stores. **125:** Ana Khouri diamond–and–18K white gold chain ear piece (on left), price upon request; ana khouri.com. Tiffany & Co. platinum-and-diamond hoop earring, $12,300 for pair;

Turner's life feels freshly relevant in this #MeToo era, the heart of *Tina,* of course, is the extraordinary catalog of songs that she made famous starting in the early 1960s, from "Proud Mary" and "River Deep—Mountain High" to, decades later, "Private Dancer" and "What's Love Got to Do With It." But Lloyd and Hall didn't want to trot out the songs as a series of greatest hits to be applauded; instead they use them to advance the story and amplify its emotions. (Turner herself told them, "Don't hold back—this will only speak if it's truthful.") Fortunately, the material seemed to dovetail with her life. "For me, those songs are the guideposts for the emotional journey she goes on," Warren says. "They allow me to tap into her energy and her spirit."

Warren also draws, she says, from the energy of the audience, whose visceral response to her powerhouse performance carries her through the show. For Lloyd, that ability to connect is what makes Warren so crucial—and what will make her a star. "Fiona Shaw once said that you have to be willing to die when you go onstage," Lloyd says, "and there's a large element of that with Adrienne—as there was with Tina. Audiences want that; they need it. It's that kind of courage and risk-taking that they are paying to see. It's a rare thing to find, but it's the essence of the kind of theater I want to create—one with the feeling that you're seeing something not just dazzling and dangerous, but unrepeatable." □

A LONG LEGACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

so moved in every performance," says Soller, "because we can hear the audience audibly crying, full of the histories that they're bringing to the story."

One member of the London cast who brought a particularly poignant past to the story was the legendary Vanessa Redgrave, who was a haunting Ruth Wilcox in the Merchant-Ivory movie and played a mother whose son has succumbed to AIDS decades earlier in *The Inheritance.* (The actress herself lost her ex-husband Tony Richardson, father of her daughters, Joely and the late Natasha Richardson, to complications from the disease in 1991.) Though Redgrave will not be appearing in New York, Lopez notes the power of her performance. "It was an incredibly humbling thing to watch her examine her own trauma and to see her put her personal experience in service of the play," he says.

More changes are afoot in the new production—a new chorus and a subtle reconsidering. "With this new American ensemble comes a new personality," Lopez says. "I think that the last thing we're interested in doing is putting up a carbon copy of the production in London—otherwise, just show the video. One of the things that I learned from Stephen is always to question your assumptions, and always go with the desire to make it better."

Thanks to the Forster estate's supportive trustees, Lopez even visited the author's rooms at King's College, Cambridge University, and was able to study the writer's original manuscripts. "I feel a different, newfound kind of kinship with Forster," he says, "and I'd like to think that the cast came away feeling as possessive of Forster and his writing and his legacy as I was when I started writing the play." □

tiffany.com. Diamond rings, $20,800 each; Van Cleef & Arpels stores. Bvlgari High Jewelry diamond ring, price upon request; 800-BVLGARI. **126:** Bvlgari High Jewelry earring, price upon request; 800-BVLGARI. Ana Khouri diamond ear piece, price upon request; anakhouri.com. **127:** Ana Khouri diamond–and–18K white gold chain ear piece (on left), price upon request; anakhouri.com. Alexander McQueen hoop earring (on right), $1,150 for pair; Alexander McQueen, NYC. **128:** Cartier High Jewelry earring (on left), price upon request; select Cartier stores. Graff diamond hoop earring, price upon request; Graff, NYC. Cartier diamond rings, $9,350–$15,600; Cartier stores. Van Cleef & Arpels rings, $20,800 each; Van Cleef & Arpels stores. Tiffany & Co. platinum-and-diamond ring, $16,625; tiffany.com. **129:** Graff diamond hoop earring (on left) and diamond rings, priced upon request; Graff, NYC. Tiffany & Co. diamond hoop earring ($12,300) and rings ($12,250–$16,625); tiffany.com. **130:** Jacket, $5,190. Graff diamond hoop earring, price upon request; Graff, NYC. ALTR Created Diamonds earring, $5,999 for pair; helzberg.com. Hijab underscarf, $50; haute hijab.com. **131:** Sweater, price upon request. Brooch ($20,400) and ring (price upon request); 800-BVLGARI. Van Cleef & Arpels rings, $20,800 each; Van Cleef & Arpels stores. In this story: Set design, Whitney Hellesen. Tailor, Francisco Chaydez. Manicurist, Reiko Okusa.

A NEW WORLD

132–133: Dress, price upon request; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Shay Jewelry diamond pinky ring, $5,040; shay jewelry.com. Hoorsenbuhs sterling-silver ring, $750; hoorsenbuhs.com. Hermès ring, $650; select Hermès stores. Delfina Delettrez diamond dots ring, $1,815; Dover Street Market New York, NYC. **136:** Dress, price upon request; 011-39-02-7788-4730 for information. 14K gold–and–sterling silver earrings, $589; ssense.com. **137:** Dress ($9,800) and white gold earrings with pink tourmaline, yellow beryl, and diamonds (price upon request); gucci.com. In this story: Tailor, Della George. Manicurist, Kimmie Kyees for Defy & Inspire.

STAR TURN

144–145: Cape, $10,500; miumiu.com. In this story: Manicure, Yuko Tsuchihashi.

A LONG LEGACY

146–147: On McCalley: Save Khaki United T-shirt, $50; savekhaki.com. Gap pants, $60; gap.com. On Burke: CDLP swim briefs, $95; cdlp.com. On Hickey: J.Crew suit jacket ($425), shirt ($70), pants ($225), and tie ($60); jcrew.com. Grenson shoes, $330; grenson.com. On Daughtry: COS T-shirt, $22; cosstores.com. Aspesi pants, $338; aspesi.com. On Soller: Jungmaven T-shirt, $48; jungmaven.com.

COVER TO COVER

150: Cap, $650; select Michael Kors stores. Alexander McQueen boots, $1,390; Alexander McQueen, NYC. **151:** Knit cap, price upon request; marcjacobs.com. Belt, $1,340; Alexander McQueen, NYC. **152:** Coat, $6,990. Cap, $650; select Michael Kors stores. Shoes, $1,160; Proenza Schouler, NYC. **153:** Shoes, $1,550; burberry.com. Dior socks, $350; Dior stores. **154:** Coat ($5,075), beanie (price upon request), and brooch, on beanie (price upon request). **155:** Coat, price upon request. **156:** Boots, $1,390; Alexander McQueen, NYC. **157:** Coat ($5,130) and cap (price upon request). In this story: Tailor, Christy Rilling Studio. Manicurist, Rica Romain.

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168: Jacket, $2,500; loewe.com. Manicurist, Emi Kudo.

LAST LOOK

172: Bags; bottegaveneta.com.

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 VOLUME 209, NO. 11. VOGUE (ISSN 0042-8000) is published monthly by Condé Nast, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. Roger Lynch, Chief Executive Officer; David E. Geithner, Chief Financial Officer; Pamela Drucker Mann, Global Chief Revenue Officer & President, U.S. Revenue. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. **POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CFS (see DMM 507.1.5.2); NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: Send address corrections to VOGUE, P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES:** Please write to VOGUE, P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617, call 800-234-2347, or email subscriptions@vogue.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. Subscribers: If the Post Office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within one year. If, during your subscription term or up to one year after the magazine becomes undeliverable, you are ever dissatisfied with your subscription, let us know. You will receive a full refund on all unmailed issues. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks after receipt of order. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to VOGUE Magazine, 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. For reprints, please email reprints@condenast.com or call Wright's Media 877-652-5295. For reuse permissions, please email contentlicensing@condenast.com or call 800-897-8666. Visit us online at **www.vogue.com.** To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit **www.condenastdigital.com.** Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617, or call 800-234-2347.

First Look



IN BLOOM
RUSH IN A SCENE-STEALING SCARLET LIP AND LOEWE JACKET. FASHION EDITOR: ALEXANDRA CRONAN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

Paint It Red

Model turned actor Odeya Rush slips easily into teenage-girl tropes: from the rich, popular antagonist to Saoirse Ronan's Ladybird to the sympathetic best friend in last year's *Dumplin,* for which she delivered a pitch-perfect Southern accent. "When I first came to America, I didn't speak a word of English!" reveals Rush, who immigrated to Alabama from Haifa, Israel, when she was nine years old, before ending up in New Jersey. In this month's *Let It Snow*—a Netflix romantic comedy based on the best-selling young-adult novel—Rush returns to adolescent insecurities, playing a character who "really, really cares about maintaining a perfect image," the 22-year-old says. The role required a certain degree of dissociation, considering Rush has become increasingly comfortable in her own skin—and with her beauty routine, a boon to her upcoming red-carpet appearances, not to mention her career trajectory. "As I get older, I'm thinking of what characters I want to create."—**LAUREN VALENTI**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL BAILEY GATES

HAIR, RAMSELL MARTINEZ; MAKEUP, SANDY GANZER. PRODUCED BY PREISS CREATIVE. SET DESIGN, EVAN JOURDEN.


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Last Look



Bottega Veneta bags, $2,480 each

Like the leather-lined vintage coupes that inspired them, these Bottega Veneta bags are meant to go places. Sling the strap of this crossbody (photographed here in a trio of sandy safari shades) over your shoulder for a hands-free jaunt to wherever your wanderlust takes you. Given the season, the plumped-up woven construction—a novel take on the label's famous *intrecciato* treatment—seems practical: You'll be wearing multiple layers—why not help your bag stave off the chill, too?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERGIY BARCHUK

ROSIE TURNBULL. ART DIRECTION: LUCAS LATLER. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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